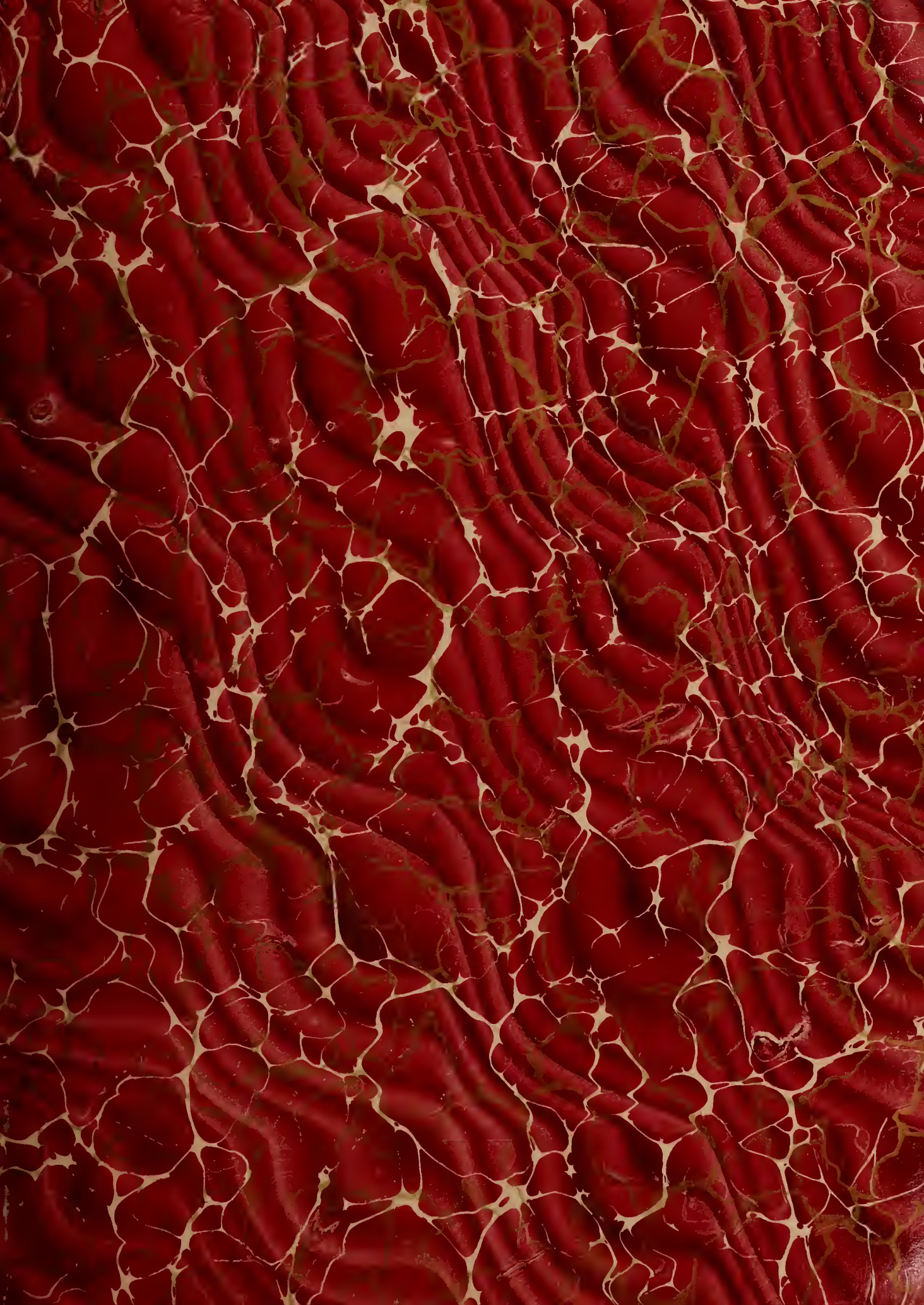








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The Field At Home



S.O.S



CATHOLIC



NATIONAL

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"While Vicar General of Edmonton I saw at close range the excellent work done by the Sisters of Service in their multiple missionary activities. I cannot too highly commend their zeal and energy for the salvation of the most abandoned souls of Western Canada. The correspondence course in religious instruction, which they carry on with such success, deserves a special tribute, as they thus minister to the little ones of Christ far from Church and Catholic school."

✠ JAMES C. McGUIGAN,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

—*Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House, Quebec, August 22, 1923. SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

CATHOLIC NATIONAL
SISTERS OF SERVICE
EDITORIAL

Christmas Greetings

Love == The Magnet

*Love for us drew God to earth,
Love for God lifts us to Heaven.*



Once again, dear readers, we bring to you our best Christmas wishes. As this most joyous feast of all the year draws nigh, our thoughts naturally turn to the great mystery of Christ's Birth in the Cave at Bethlehem. What attraction could be strong enough to draw God from the transcendent beauties of Heaven to the miseries and inconveniences of an earthly stable? Love was the magnet! And that same magnet which brought God to us on earth, will lift us to God in Heaven if we but place ourselves within the circle of its attraction.

In speaking of Heaven, we have reference not only to some far-off sphere of blissful enjoyment, to be attained when this life is ended, but also to the very real Heaven of God's loving Presence under sacramental veils and in the temple of the human heart. Where God is, there is love; and where love is, there is heaven.

So our Christmas wish to you is that the magnet of Divine Love may draw you irresistibly to the heaven of God's Presence—in your heart, in the Tabernacle, and at last, when earthly exile is over, in the eternal splendour of the Beatific Vision.

OUR MAGAZINE

FOUR times a year the *Field at Home* comes to you as our messenger. It interprets to you in words and pictures what a handful of devoted missionaries are doing in the vast Field of our Canadian Home Missions.

Our desire and ambition is to make our Missionary Review for the Catholic people of Canada a source of *inspiration*, of *information*, and of apostolic *action*. Our aim is not only to publish a Review, but to serve the great missionary cause in Canada. When, indeed, "our people" become fired with the love of our Catholic Missions, Mother Church will grow throughout the land and extend everywhere the beneficent influences of her saving message. And, after all, it is "the Church that matters" in the spiritual affairs of this world and of the world to come. For, as Cardinal Mercier said: "External happenings, no matter how tremendous they may be, are but surface happenings."

We try to make our "Editorials" and "Notes and Comments" a source of *inspiration*. Man is ultimately led to action by the force of "ideas." Missionary ideas will therefore generate missionary action; however, one must first be enlightened and convinced of their supreme value.

Information comes to our readers through the pages of news from "Headquarters" and from "the field of operations." To follow the missionaries along the trail, to live with them, as it were, in their everyday life, to witness their success, to chronicle their efforts to instruct the children, to care for the sick, to reach out after the most abandoned souls, to fan into a new flame the embers of a dying faith . . . all this information awakens in the soul of our Catholic readers feelings of sympathy and admiration. We naturally admire devotedness to a sacred cause and try to emulate it even in a small way.

Apostolic *action* should indeed be the final result of our efforts. Unfortunately many Catholics limit their admiration to "idle dreams." They fail to reduce into action the noble desires of their Catholic heart. Selfishness will not allow them to make the necessary sacrifices. They put off until to-morrow what they should do to-day. Life is often spent and nothing has been done by them for the things that really matter in life.

Is it not, indeed, selfishness to admire the unselfish work of our Missionary Sisters and not come to their assistance? To teach our people to pray for our workers and to send them financial assistance is the ultimate object of our quarterly publication. And what Catholic who has had the vision of what is being done and what

would be done on a larger scale had we the means and personnel, would not be willing to do his little bit? After all, the best proof of our love for our holy faith is to help to protect and spread it in our own country.

This is what the *Field at Home* means and stands for.

THEY LOST THE FAITH UNDER THE CANADIAN FLAG.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of thousands from the British Isles and Continental Europe came to Canada as the land of opportunity. Their hopes were wrapped up within the folds of our flag. The great number have succeeded in building their home in this new land, and to-day they look upon the broad acres of our virgin soil as their proud possession. This is particularly true of our farming communities out West. They came from European peasant stock; they were land-hungry. We gave them these homesteads, and they are with us to stay.

But must we not admit that too many under the Canadian Flag have lost the most precious heirloom of their Catholic Faith? Yet that flag stands for religious freedom. If, therefore, some of "our people" have lost the Faith in the country of their adoption, who is to blame? This is a heart-searching question and opens the door to serious reflection.

Are we not "our brothers' keepers" . . . we who have built up the Church in our Dominion? We were here before the tide of immigration inundated our shores. Have we done all our duty to the "new-comers"? Perfectly satisfied with the possession of the Faith, have we not too often left him to his own resources and a prey to the proselytizing influence of the enemy?

We were not prepared. We organized too late to *prevent* the tragedy. We must now labour to *repair* it. The opportunity to preserve and revive the Faith is still with us. This we may do by helping our organized missionary endeavours throughout the land. Were every Catholic to do "his bit" we could still win the battle. Let, therefore, the Canadian Flag stand in our land as the emblem of our protected Faith—and not as a sign of its defeat.

G. Daly C.M.

MISSIONARY ACTIVITY IS AN ESSENTIAL FUNCTION

Notes and Comments

THE FIRST MISSION FIELD.

The stable of Bethlehem was the first mission-field. The speechless Babe was its first missionary. Ever since the mission field throughout the world has been a replica of Bethlehem. There the Church, like Christ, is born in a stable poor and often despised. There is no place for Her in the Public Inn . . . of political and social life. A few simple and faithful souls gather around Her crib.

The vision of our Western Missions comes naturally to our mind as we kneel praying before the Sweet Babe of the Crib. There are in our own dear country many Bethlehems where our Eucharistic Babe is still born in a stable. The damp and chilly air of religious indifference reminds one of the cold wind that swept the hillside on that "holy night" when Christ was born.

Let us during this holy Christmas season pray to our Divine Missionary Babe to extend His blessings to all the workers in the Home Mission Field of Canada and particularly upon those who by vocation have, like Him, "come to serve."

G. D.

* * *

ARE WE FOUND WANTING?

The present-day conditions go to make trying times. They try our endurance, our patience, our faith and confidence in Providence.

Our economic standards, our political institutions, our social structure, are on trial, and sorely found wanting in this hour of supreme need.

And what about our faith, our hope, and charity? Will they, also, be found wanting?

* * *

HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.

The first appearance of the Son of God made man was in the *Crib*; His last appearance, on the *Cross*. The Crib means *poverty*; the Cross, *suffering*.

Poverty and suffering are the two poles on which revolve the life of Jesus Christ on earth. Should we be astonished that they should also mark the life of His every true follower?

G.D.

IN THE TRUE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

THE GREAT REALITY.

"The most profound reality is the soul of man and its relation to God." This is the reality on which every missionary effort in the Church of God is based. The other realities of life are only worth while in as much as they are based on or directed to it.

Dealing with this supreme reality, are not the Sisters of Service worthy of our help and prayers? The soul of man . . . this is the very quest of their whole life. By vocation they are dedicated to the conservation and propagation of our Faith. And Faith, says St. Paul, is "the evidence of things unseen and the substance of things we hope for." In the world unseen to the eyes of the flesh, but flooded with the light of Faith, the soul of man finds his true relation to God.

To take the children by the hand and to lead them into the mysteries of that spiritual realm; to interest them in their real meaning; to assist the poor and the sick to find anew the path of that "great reality" which the trials of life, the indifference of the present age, the infirmities of the body, the temptations of life often seem to obliterate . . . in one word to readjust to the supreme reality . . . this is their glorious life. And once more are they not worthy of our prayerful and financial protection?

G. D.

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IT MUST SPREAD TO LIVE.

Unless the individual Catholic is inspired with the missionary spirit and reaches out to help others, he will not reach his own soul. His religion will remain on the surface; its practice will be a matter of form. The desire to spread the Faith is the surest sign of its possession. Like fire, it must spread. If it does not spread, it will die away and nothing will be left of it but a handful of cold ashes.

G.D.

LIVING IN FOOL'S PARADISE.

The Most Reverend Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, asserted that in his opinion Catholics of the United States are "in for a hard time," because "secret societies" are becoming bolder and bolder, approaching closer to the methods of Russian Communists. He expressed these views in an interview for "The Monitor," official newspaper of the Archdiocese of San Francisco.

"We need unity among American Catholics," he said. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. When Catholics in one State suffer it should be the concern of all American Catholics. It is extremely short-sighted, it is criminal negligence for Catholics in strong Catholic centers to sit smugly while Catholics in other States are harassed and defeated.

"Our people need to be conscious of the fact that the Church extends beyond parochial and diocesan boundaries, and that there are problems more pressing than the payment of debts on parochial and diocesan institutions," he said. "All these things will soon be undermined unless local sacrifice is made to have the people read the diocesan papers. Too many of us, Catholics of high and low degree, are living in a fool's paradise."

How well the Catholics in Canada could also take to heart this warning and advice of the eloquent Bishop.

* * *

CATECHETICS AT THE NOVITIATE.

Our novices are fortunate in having once a week instructions in methods of teaching catechism, by Mr. Bennett, Separate School Inspector. A number of professed sisters are also taking advantage of these classes. Mr. Bennett's keen interest in all that pertains to the preservation and spreading of the Catholic Faith is an inspiration to all who are privileged to attend his classes, and we are confident that his efforts to inculcate practical methods of teaching the catechism will be productive of much good when our sisters reach the mission field. Mr. Bennett has the faculty of arousing in the hearts of his hearers eager enthusiasm to teach the Faith to those little ones of Christ who have little or no opportunity of learning the truths of religion.



THE PRACTICAL VIRTUE.

Adaptability—the little virtue with a big name—is seldom in the limelight. Preachers never exhort us to practice it; poets have not sung its praises, and yet it has a marvellous power to smooth the path of every-day life.

An adaptable personality is a great asset, and yet, how many of us make any effort to acquire it. We try so hard for the big virtues, and so we should, but it seems a pity to neglect this little homely virtue which could be of so much assistance to ourselves and all those around us.

We have only to observe the different natures with which we are in daily contact to realize the practical value of this unassuming virtue. A child starting school soon shows us whether it is able to adapt itself to new surroundings and new faces, and it is a wise parent who gives his children an early training in this too-much neglected virtue. A young man or woman given hard work in the midst of uncongenial companions quickly reveals whether the precious faculty of adapting oneself to unpleasant circumstances has been acquired.

One who is adaptable makes himself contented anywhere (and here we would draw attention to the fact that being contented is a different thing from being satisfied). He does not waste time wishing for a change of air or environment, but just settles down at once to get the best out of the surroundings in which he has been placed. He is a joy and comfort to everyone, himself included.

What a difference in a person who is not adaptable! He can be contented only in certain places, with a certain line of work and special companionship. If these are not forthcoming, there is constant whining and complaining, until all his associates are made thoroughly uncomfortable and feel as though they would make any sacrifice to give him what he wants or get rid of him.

An objection may be made that some people are born with adaptable natures, while others are not, and there is an end to the question. Granted, that some have a natural leaning towards adaptability, just as others have a tendency towards truth, charity, or any other virtue. But if our nature inclines us to be uncharitable or untruthful, are we excused from practising these virtues? Assuredly not. Neither can we excuse ourselves from acquiring adaptability, if we happen to be one of those people who do not seem to fit in easily anywhere except in our own particular groove.

Let us resolve to give some attention to this practical, every-day virtue and the results will be astonishing. The rough corners that scratched and the sharp angles that prodded will be rounded off and we will find the wheels of life running with new and delightful facility.

S.O.S.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
SPEAKS SANELY.

When a pronouncement is issued by the high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church relating to economic and social conditions, it will be found invariably that the conclusions reached are based on a careful study of trends over long periods. There is revealed frequently a conviction of the futility of social experiments and political movements which obviously reflect only the conditions of the day or the ambitions of those who would capitalize unrest or other passing phases.

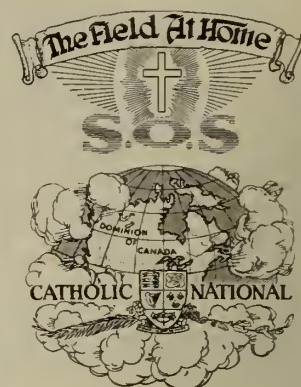
It is not surprising, therefore, to find a communique addressed to the Roman Catholic population of the Province of Quebec by the Council of Bishops declaring that "the capitalist system is undoubtedly based on a true conception of human nature and is best adapted to the economic welfare of humanity." Capitalism, it is found, is "the system in which men contribute either capital or labor to the general economic welfare." . . .

It must not be concluded, however, that the Church finds that all is well in the capitalist system. There is the very proper qualification that "the faithful must not confuse the system itself with the abuses that have been committed in its name." There is here sound philosophy and pointed advice for those who control affairs under this capitalist system — a system which, despite its weakness, has proven the best yet to be evolved for the world's welfare. The danger to be guarded against is that the abuses referred to may become so flagrant that they will enable radical political opportunists to organize such forces of public opinion as will defeat the system itself — and turn the world over to Communism or some other state of economic chaos.—"Financial Times."

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ECONOMIC CHAOS.

The Toronto Daily Star, in its editorial comments, made the following pertinent remarks: The nations which are drowning hogs, plowing in cotton and corn, burning coffee, burning wheat, reducing acreage, praying for bad crops,



**"I'm subscribing
to**

**"THE FIELD
AT HOME"**

**for these 3
REASONS!"**

1 "Because as a Catholic Canadian I am deeply interested in our great Home Mission Field.

2 "Because the "Sisters of Service" have been founded to labour in that Field where the leakage of our Catholic forces is the greatest.

3 "Because by subscribing to their missionary magazine I wish to share in their noble "Catholic and National endeavour."

My Name.....

My Address.....

seem to be heading for a world famine in which the mere getting of food to eat will be mankind's supreme problem.

EVERY LOYAL MEMBER OF THE CHURCH



A MODERN NATIVITY

"THIS is awful, Sister. The idea of human beings being born into the world in the midst of brute beasts." The doctor was waxing wroth, and his excitement was due to the advent of twins in a stable.

Sister F., who was doing everything she could to meet the exigencies of the situation, said nothing. The doctor was a non-Catholic, and she could not explain to him how vividly this birth in a stable on Christmas Eve was recalling to her mind another birth two thousand years ago, when in a Cave at Bethlehem the God of Heaven became incarnate.



It was all so different from what they had expected—this young couple from far-away Gallicia. When they arrived in Western Canada, summer, with its warmth and plenty, had hidden their

IS BOUND TO SPREAD THE FAITH.

poverty so well that winter was upon them before they were prepared. Their little log hut, comfortable enough in August, was certainly not made for winter winds. The cows and horses that grazed peacefully in the fields when the grass was green looked to their master to provide for them. He did, by building a partition in his one-roomed house and giving them one part. So, side by side, through the long winter months, man and beast dwelt together, no doubt in perfect amity.

The young people's anticipation of comfort—if anticipation they had—was not realized, for the days were cruelly cold. They needed money, too, for the man, living there in the bush, was not learning English, and who would employ one who could not understand given orders?

Matters were beginning to look serious. Food was getting scarce; clothing was growing ragged. And then, when everything was as hopelessly upset as possible, the arrival of twins added to the general confusion. When the husband returned from milking he found them there.

There were no neighbours for miles around, and by morning the mother was unconscious—in grave danger. A young lad, who happened along, was sent off on horseback for help. His first thought was of the Sisters of Service, and, arriving at the Convent, he begged Sister F. "to go quickly, for Mrs. X. was dying." Waiting to give no further explanation, the boy hurried off in search of the priest and doctor.

By the time Sister arrived the woman had regained consciousness, and Father heard her confession. Later, when Sister was talking to the mother, and exhorting her to patience, the woman, raising her lovely eyes, still full of pain, replied:

TO OUR BENEFACTORS.

On Christmas Eve, during the Midnight Mass which is sung every year in our Novitiate chapel, we shall ask the Divine Infant to bless in a very special manner all those who have helped our missionary work during the past year. We can think of no better way of saying "Thank you."

"The good God has sent them to me. May His Name be blessed!"

After spending the day there, Sister came home for supper, and to gather up some clothes and other supplies to help these dear ones of Christ. Another Sister went back with her to watch all night. And what a night it was—damp, black and freezing, in spite of the fire in the wood stove and the feeble flame in a greasy lantern. In one corner of the room, on a ragged, dirty bed, lay the poor mother, again unconscious. In another corner, on an equally dirty cot, lay the new arrivals to this world of woe. Evidently they as yet had no earthly belongings, for they were both shoved into one cotton flour bag, with their little heads sticking out.

While one Sister attended to the patient, the other proceeded to dress the little cherubs in fluffy white flannelette garments, trimmed with blue and pink. These clothes were sent to the mission by the C.W.L. Sub-division, London, and they were greatly appreciated on this occasion. After the babies were dressed, the next move was to replace their nursing bottle (a huge whisky bottle longer than themselves) by two modern affairs, which, though they may not have served the purpose any better, did look a little more appropriate. The father was charmed with his two sweet little daughters, and spent the rest of the night trying to induce them to keep the peace.

For a few days the mother was hovering between life and death, and suffering greatly. Then she grew better, and two weeks later she was working around the house.

* * * * *

The doctor, whose visit again coincided with that of the Sisters, watched a dog trying to drink out of a pail of milk, carelessly left standing at the door. "They don't know what germs are," he commented in an exasperated tone; "if they were exposed this way in a hospital they would be dead."

But the doctor did not know that the age of miracles has not passed—and that God looks after His own.

S. A. W., S.O.S.

More Mission

Sister-General's Visitation.

Our Sister-General, Sister Florence Regan, left Headquarters in October on a two months' Visitation of our Western Missions. Sister-General spent a week or more at each mission, encouraging the Sisters by word and example in their self-sacrificing work for God and souls. From all the missions word has reached us of the cheering and enlivening effects of Sister-General's much-appreciated visits.

Ottawa.

Our Baby Mission is surely standing on its own feet and competing successfully with many of the older members of the S.O.S. family in its zealous missionary activities.

During November an entertaining Hallowe'en party was held. The dining room and recreation room were decorated with orange candles and large pumpkins, carved and lighted from within to give the real Hallowe'en effect. The girls wore fancy dress, and prizes were given for the prettiest and most original costumes. The "prettiest" prize was won by a girl dressed as a shepherdess, and the prize for originality went to an impersonation of "Old Dutch Cleanser," which was almost startling in its perfection. One almost believed that an old Dutch housewife had walked out of the advertisement.

The completion of the chapel in this mission has naturally facilitated religious activities. Benediction is now given twice a month, and the girls are being trained to do the singing. A Retreat was preached in November by Rev. Father Leo Lesage, of St. Brigid's Parish.

During the winter months classes are being



One of Our Charges at Ottawa.

DON'T KEEP THE BLESSINGS OF THE FAITH

Snapshots

given in French, singing and sewing, as it is the aim of the Sisters to make Rosary Hall Hostel a centre of improvement as well as of recreation.

Montreal.

Looking over the latest issue of "The Club Announcer," we see that Montreal Hostel is as wide awake as ever.

Classes have been organized in Religious Instruction, French, Sewing and Singing. We understand the girls are eagerly availing themselves of these opportunities for self-improvement.

The Annual Retreat was preached in November by the Very Rev. Father O'Hara, Pastor of St. Anne's Parish, Montreal, the attendance on each of the three nights being very encouraging.

Port work at this centre was fairly heavy all summer, as the Sisters met all in-coming immigrant boats.

Their First Mass In Canada.

Sunday Mass had started in the Montreal Cathedral. The priest was in the pulpit, when suddenly a group of thirty, with shawls on their heads, and decked in all the colours of the rainbow, walked up the middle aisle. They were immigrants from Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, who had just landed. The Sister had brought them from the pier to hear Mass — their first Mass in their new country.

How consoled these strangers must have been to find themselves once more "in the Father's House." How they must have appreciated that



A Little New Canadian Arriving at Montreal.



A Special Pet at Halifax Hostel.

Faith which remains unchanged by the frontiers of country and the barriers of language!

At the Pier in Halifax.

Halifax during the winter months is the only port of entry through which come immigrants from the "Old Land." To-day, owing to the rigid restrictions of the present-day Government policy, immigrants are few. They consist mainly of mothers and children coming to join the husband and father who had preceded them.

Yet our Sisters are "at the pier" to meet every in-coming boat. They stand there as the watching sentinels of the Church. Early in the morning, late into the night, they hold their "vigil"—to see that Catholic immigrants are protected and directed.

What a consolation for a bewildered mother in a strange land to find on landing the warm grasp of a helping hand, to hear the cheering word of welcome from "a Catholic Sister."

Camp Morton.

A letter from one of our Camp Morton Sisters gives a description of an interesting little ceremony which took place on the feast of the Holy Guardian Angels. Sister writes:

"This was rather an eventful day for us. Monsignor Morton said High Mass in the church and gave a most inspiring little talk on the angels. Monsignor has placed a beautiful bronze statue of the Guardian Angel in the wooded part of the Camp grounds. To this spot the whole congregation, headed by white-veiled flower girls, altar boys, the choir and Monsignor made its way, the choir singing hymns in honour of the Angels. Monsignor solemnly blessed the statue; then a hymn was sung while the children placed their flowers around the statue. It was all very simple, but beautiful."

When Our Corresponding Ca

(Whether the tongue is mightier than the pen is a question we will leave for some one else to answer. Be that as it may, during the summer months our corresponding catechists, laying aside their pens, paper, and other corresponding apparatus, close the catechetical house and tour the surrounding districts, doing their utmost to establish personal contact with the little ones they instruct by correspondence during the remainder of the year. This article gives a few interesting pictures of their experiences on last summer's tour.—Editor.)

The Last Evening At Home.

Our little Convent home is about to close for the summer months. It is our last evening at home. All our preparations are made — we have only to await our departure on the morrow. The walls of our Convent are despoiled of all destructible decorations, and the whole house presents an aspect of loneliness and gloom. Instinctively one's steps turn towards the chapel. Here at least there is no visible change, but one has only to glance towards the little Sanctuary Lamp wherein no red light glows to know that our Eucharistic Friend no longer dwells with us, and one feels the desire to go also. Thoughts come crowding in: "What will our summer's work bring?" We know not. There are so many little souls out there who know not God, and who may never have the chance of knowing Him. Oh, that our feeble efforts may be of some avail! Our desires grow stronger and stronger; surely there is a great outlet for zeal in the wide field before us.

* * * * *

Our Mission Journeyings.

Our first stopping place was W——, where we were met at the train by three kind ladies of the parish, who conducted us by many high-ways and by-ways to a little cottage just opposite the church. There, after serving us luncheon, they withdrew, leaving us to ourselves.

The next morning dawned bright and warm. Soon young childish voices were heard at our door: "Sister, here is the key of the church." "Sister, when does catechism start?" Their bright faces were aglow with eagerness and enthusiasm; truly, if one did not already have a goodly share of the same, it would be impossible not to become imbued with their happy spirit. Thus started our first day's classes, and at this place we spent ten peaceful, happy days, instruct-



A Happy Trio—Alberta.

ing the little ones in the truths of religion. We also had the joy of seeing these children receive the Bread of Life for the first time—an event which will ever be for them a golden memory.

At our next station there happened to be no church, so we taught catechism in the schoolhouse which was situated three-quarters of a mile from where we were staying. This schoolhouse was built on the top of a high hill, and the road which led to it was surrounded on either side by thick brush. The morning on which we were to start classes, one of the children brought the alarming news that he had seen a coyote on the road which we were to travel. On hearing this some of the people, knowing our city origin, took the opportunity to exaggerate a few good bear stories. These tales were rather disconcerting, armed as we were with only luncheon pails and instruction books; however, forgetting the coyote for the time, we centred our attention on the bears, and remembering that bears are afraid of fire, our first impulse was to add old newspapers and matches to our travelling kit. (Thereupon we each had visions of huge bears running away from our lighted papers). On second thought, we decided on the wiser course of trusting our safety to Divine Providence instead of to such

NO MAN CAN BE GENEROUS WITH GOD WHO

hists Discard Pen and Paper

trifles as matches and newspapers. Needless to say, we saw neither bears nor coyotes, the extent of our adventures in that respect happily ending with a few rabbits, ground-hogs and gophers—rather a common-place substitute for bears and coyotes.

The children at this place had a long distance to come to catechism, some seven miles, some five, some four, and nearly all came on horseback. During the greater part of our stay here it rained heavily, and the weather was quite cool, so that when the children arrived on their horses, our first concern was to make a fire and dry their clothing, which was often soaked through. Their spirits, however, were not even dampened, and they attended classes very regularly.

When the morning for First Communion arrived, as we looked with sinking hearts at the dimly grey skies and the constant downpour of rain, our first thought was: "There will be no First Communion to-day." For we knew that, even if it ceased raining, it would be impossible for the priest to travel on such roads. Nine o'clock came, and wagon after wagon arrived, bearing their loads of older children, mothers and fathers and tiny brothers and sisters. We were to have the privilege of having Mass and Communion at Mrs. D——'s house, where we were staying. While the mothers and small children remained inside enjoying a friendly visit, the men and boys stayed out on the porch smoking and reading the newspapers: firstly, because there was no room for them on the inside; and, secondly, in order that they might catch the first glimpse of Father if he should happen to come. Nine-thirty! No sign of Father. Ten o'clock struck! Still no sign of him! When ten-thirty had chimed all hope of his coming was abandoned. There was nothing to be done but "feed the hungry," and this we did as speedily as possible, after which they all quietly retired to their homes; food, even when one is hungry, is a poor substitute for disappointment. First Communion was postponed till a later date; it was the first time during our tour that we were unable to see our little ones make their First Holy Communion.

That same day we went to M——, a distance of fourteen miles, and as the roads were impassable for cars, we drove in a democrat. Owing to the condition of the roads, our journey lasted four hours.

From here we went to C——, where we had a class of forty children, eighteen of whom made their First Holy Communion. The girls wore

white veils, and made a very pretty picture indeed. After Mass, which ended at a quarter to one, the children were given a picnic. It was half-past one that day before they broke their fast, so you can imagine how they enjoyed their lunch. It happened to be a day of abstinence, and several of the ladies, not remembering the fact, brought along some delicious meat sandwiches, which had to be put under cover quickly in case the temptation prove too strong for human nature. However, nobody missed these sandwiches, as there were many other kinds. Parents and children were unanimous in declaring they had spent a most enjoyable day.

At another village where we taught, there were four children who attended catechism regularly. Two of them were of catechism age, the other two little ones came because they wished to be with their sisters. Sad to say, none of these four children had ever been baptized. It was our hope, therefore, to see them baptized and make their First Holy Communion with the other children. The two oldest learned their catechism well and looked forward with joyful eagerness to the day on which they were to receive their Lord for the first time, after being cleansed by the saving waters of Baptism. What was our surprise when we learned that the mother of the children, having been married outside the Church, would not give her consent to their being baptized, giving as her reason that when they became of age they could choose their own religion! The poor children were heart-broken, and we were all very much disappointed, but there was nothing to be done, except pray that the seed sown may some day blossom into a living faith in the hearts of these little ones. Next morning



Feeding the Hungry.



*Leading the Little Ones to the Feet
of Christ.*

they came very early to the church and sat on the side opposite the First Communicants; if they could not be partakers in the ceremony, they would at least be present and share in the happiness of the other children.

Home Again!

The days passed all too quickly for the work we had hoped to accomplish, and almost before

we realized it, we were home again. However, the contact made with the children will not be lost, for during the winter months we shall keep them supplied with catechism lessons and Catholic literature from our catechetical house. It was with real regret that we said good-bye to our little friends, carrying with us many pleasant memories of our summer tour.

The wonderful zeal of the pastor of this district was an inspiration to us. Only one priest to cover this vast parish, in which are located sixteen missions. Possessing no home of his own, spending most of his time on the road, suffering cold and even hunger, he is quietly and humbly serving in the Master's Vineyard. Truly we can say from our hearts: "Thank God for our noble priest!"

S.M.F., S.O.S.

OUR DECEASED BENEFACTORS.

None are more remembered in our prayers for the departed souls than our own benefactors. Justice and gratitude make our Missionary Sisters kneel down at their tombs to whisper repeatedly the great wish and prayer of Mother Church:

"Grant to them, O Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

Down a-down the Ages

By
ENID DINNIS.

Our Lady sent a message down,
Down, a-down the ages.
She held her Son for men to see,
Men of high and low degree,
Simple men and sages.
And all beheld Him unafraid
Who looked on her, a tender maid.

A new-born Babe the world beheld,
Down, a-down the ages.
And no year found Him grown a whit
Though men grew up, and well acquit
Of life's more childish stages.
And Mary held Him to her breast
(Still Christmas finds Him there at rest)
Down, a-down the ages.



Firm as a rock His Church He built,
Down, a-down the ages.
It tells the Faith in clerkly tomes,
But Mary in the poor men's homes
Explains the scholars' pages,
For all in vain would doctors ken
A thing that's hid from simple men.

Aye, humble men shall find the place
Where He of changeless age is,
And proud men who've outgrown the Child
Shall wax—and wane—in deserts wild
Where Death its warfare wages.
But Mary holds aloft the Truth,
And all may share His Heavenly Youth
Yea, down the endless ages.

NOTHING DEEPENS THE MIND SO MUCH AS A HABIT OF CHARITY.

PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

God and Prayer

If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;
If the petalled notes
Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
Or a city's din;
If songs like crimson roses
Are culled from thin, blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?"

"I cannot help thinking that God must have given radio to the world to illustrate prayer, which is the oldest wireless broadcasting system known," said a priest the other day. "The ether's filled with God's messages, and His grace is everywhere and at all times. But some are so busy broadcasting their own selves that they never 'listen in.' Some are in sin, and so are deprived of a good receiving set. They may hear God's voice at times, but there is static — static from their own sinful discordant souls and their surroundings. But the soul in the state of grace should always tune in on the broadcasting from heaven.

"Moreover, God wants to hear us. But we should remember that our sending-sets are weak and full of static from our own imperfect natures. Nevertheless we can be consoled while send-

ing forth our messages of prayer that we have a patient and loving God, Who wants to hear our voices, even if the tone is

not perfectly musical. God is always tuned in to hear a human soul."

LIVING SHRINES.

The heart of every person in the state of grace resembles a vast cathedral. Here and there are niches where the images of loved ones are set up for reverence, admiration and love. But in the centre is the main altar where dwells the Sacred Presence — a vivid, glowing Flame of Love which reaches out and envelops everything and everyone within the radius of its influence.

It is a consoling thought that even though we may be so occupied at times as not to be able to think of or pray for those we love, the very fact of their having a place in the temple of our heart keeps them ever in the Divine Presence of Him Who is Lord of the Temple.

And what a joy for us to rest in the assurance that we are constantly kept in the Presence of God by the thoughts and prayers of loved ones who have given us a niche in the temple of their hearts!



TO THE CHRIST
CHILD.

*Sweet Babe, new-born
On earth again
Each Christmas morn,
To dwell with men!
Though my hands hold
No precious things,
Nor myrrh nor gold
Of Eastern kings;
Though I've no part
In gold or gem,
Make Thou my heart
Thy Bethlehem.*

—W. W. Gibson.

PRAYER IS ESSENTIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF ALL MISSIONARY WORK.



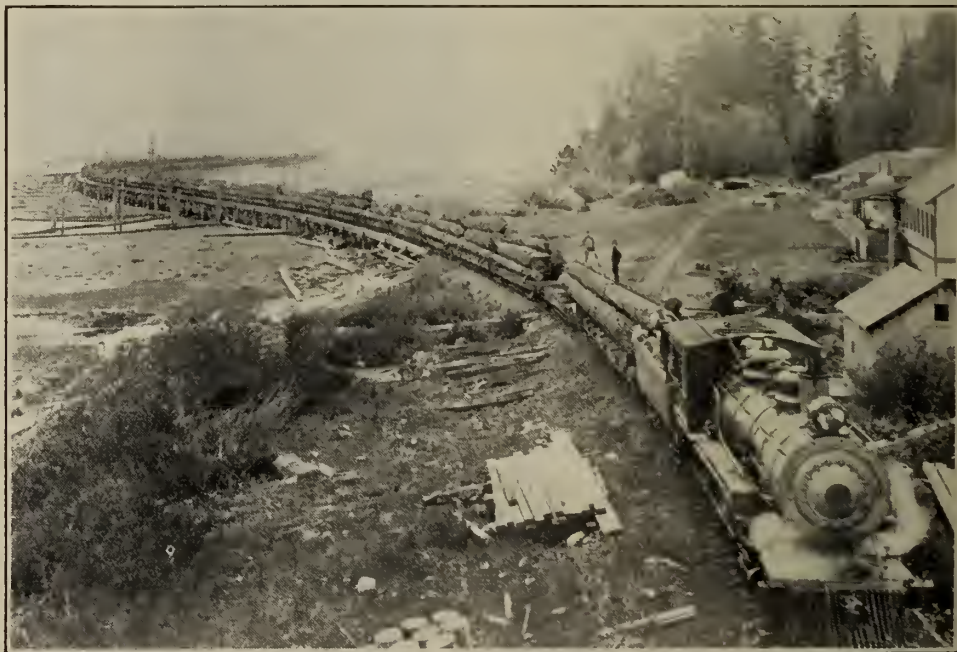
Visiting the Logging Camps of British Columbia

IT was nearly a month ago that I received orders from Bishop M. to help out at Campbell River for four weeks, pending a regular appointment there. I hailed the order with delight, as the summer and census-taking had wearied me of the city. "It isn't a holiday, you know, Father," said His Excellency; "just a change of work."

Lourdes Hospital, Campbell River, was founded at this far-flung outpost of the Master's Vineyard some years ago, when logging operations were growing on the coast, and since its foundation it has been a veritable God-send to the loggers of the vicinity. It has sixty beds, an efficient staff, up-to-date equipment, and a beautiful chapel. The Catholics in the town are very few, but there are quite a number on the neighbouring islands and in the logging camps. Thus my work was mapped out for me.

The week after my arrival I started on a visitation of the camps. My kit for celebrating Mass was packed, and a Ford took me to Menzies Bay. There we hit the

first snag. Arrangements had been made for me to go to the Campbell River Timber Company's camp that night and to say Mass there next morning. At the last minute we learned that the "Speeder" had jumped the track and broken down. The train could not get me there before 9.30, by which time the loggers would all have retired. It was useless to go, so I tramped across the tracks and over several floating bridges to Bloedel's beach camp. There I met an



Logging Operations in British Columbia.

GENEROSITY MAKES SHORT WORK WITH DIFFICULTIES.

Irishman named Daley, who got into touch with the No. 4 camp in the woods. I had intended going there next day. But Mrs. Coy, the C.W.L. convenor there, said I could come right up. A special "Speeder" was dragged out, and soon I was speeding over the rails into the forest. Arrived at the camp, Mrs. Coy gave me a real Irish welcome. After supper she took me around to meet the married Catholics there, and although it was too late to visit the bunk-houses, I managed to get the word around to some that Mass would be said next morning. The Holy Sacrifice was offered in her drawing-room, and much devotion was evidenced. Promising to return in two days, I left for the Beach Camp. There, after a weary wait of five hours, I boarded the train for the C.R.T. camp, 32 miles out in the woods.

It took us over an hour to get there, and I spent the afternoon visiting the Catholic families, finding about half a dozen. I ate supper with the men in the cook-house and gave a little talk. Next morning Mass was celebrated in Mr. Phelan's drawing-room. I located a prospective convert there and found two babies to baptize.

I returned to Bloedel's camp in the woods that afternoon, walking half the way over railroad ties. I visited the bunk houses, and next morning celebrated Mass, which was well attended. Mr. Fenwick Riley offered to take me with him to Camp 3, further out in the forest, to see his brother, who, with about six others, would be delighted to see a priest. So at 6.45 we boarded the "Speeder," and was it cold! We drove through some of the most beautiful forests I have ever seen, through the best of the timber lands of British Columbia. I was made welcome by the boys, and in the afternoon Mr. Riley took me all over the camp to see logging operations. For this purpose I was dressed as a logger. We saw them cutting down the great trees, hauling them together into "cold decks," loading them on to trains, etc. We must have walked fourteen miles, mostly through the woods and over railroad tracks. I felt like a logger on my return, so had a shower in the loggers' bathroom.

After supper I talked to some of the boys and arranged for a Mass at 5.30 next morning. There were no homes there, only bunk houses, so we fixed up a temporary altar in the office, on the typewriting desk, but I am sure the Lord of Heaven never received a more cordial welcome than He did into the heart of at least one of those loggers that morning. One of the men served Mass in his working regimentals. I had breakfast with the men, and returned on the 7 o'clock "Speeder" to the beach, where a Ford soon brought me to Lourdes Hospital.

"Come over and help us!" was the cry that rang in St. Paul's ears from Macedonia. Certainly that same cry must ring in the ears of any in-

BUT IT IS A VERY SHARP OPERATION.

cumbent of the Chaplaincy of Lourdes Hospital. I understand that a priest is the only religious person who ever goes to these camps. It is too bad one cannot be in residence.

I thought of the Sisters of Service and their new wagon when I was wending my weary way over the roads, but it would be useless there, as most of the paths are along railroad tracks. However, there is one way in which you can help us—you can pray. I am sure all of you know how to pray well, especially the Novices, and so I would recommend this corner of the Vineyard to their devotions. God will reward their generosity. And perhaps some day we shall have an S.O.S. "Speeder" along the tracks into the forest.

A Western Padre.

1,622 CANADIANS IN MISSION FIELDS.

There are 1,622 Canadians working in the Mission Fields of the world—431 priests, 218 brothers and 973 sisters, according to the statistics compiled by the Missionary Union of the Clergy.

Of these, some belong to strictly Canadian institutes, as the St. Francis Xavier Foreign Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, and the Quebec Foreign Missions, Pont-Viau, among the institutes for men, and the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Providence, and several others, among the mission sisters. The majority, however, represent Canadian provinces of larger European congregations. In all, 23 congregations for men, working in 56 different ecclesiastical territories, and 38 institutes of sisters are represented. Priests and brothers, according to the continent on which they labour, number: 292 in North America, 173 in Asia, 158 in Africa, and 26 in the Pacific Islands. The Sisters: 557 in North America, 287 in Asia, 86 in Africa, and 43 in the Pacific Islands. 374 of the total 1,622 are working among Indians and Orientals of Western Canada, in dioceses which though not directly under the Congregation of Propaganda, are nevertheless correctly considered as mission territories.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
AND HELP THE
SISTERS OF SERVICE
TO PRESERVE THE FAITH
IN CANADA

CHILDREN'S PAGES



My dear Young People:

As Christmas draws near our thoughts stray towards a stable in the town of Bethlehem. At one time that stable was just an ordinary stall—no different from a hundred other stables in Bethlehem. What changed it into a world-famed place of pilgrimage—a spot to be revered throughout the ages? It was the coming of Jesus. One

day it was the rude home of lowly animals, the next a radiant bit of Heaven itself—and the miracle was wrought by the Presence of God.

It does not take us long to draw one very definite lesson from this thought—where God is, there is heaven. So if we want to enjoy heaven here on earth we must invite Jesus to come and live in our hearts. I am sure every Young Missionary is going to receive our Infant King in Holy Communion on Christmas morning. We should make the stable of our heart as attractive as possible for the coming of Jesus by preparing for Him fragrant nosegays—roses of love, violets of humility, lilies of purity, not forgetting to bind all together with the red ribbon of self-denial. He left so much for us—can we not make a few sacrifices for Him?

Above all, we must not forget to invite Him to stay in our hearts always. He will never leave us, if we do not drive Him away, for there is no dwelling-place He loves better than the hearts of His children, and surely He has a special predilection for the hearts of Young Missionaries.

At Midnight Mass I shall pray that the heart of each Y.M.C.K. may be another Bethlehem, for then I know that you will indeed have a happy Christmas. And in your Christmas prayers and good wishes I am sure that you will keep a wee place for

THE CAPTAIN, Y.M.C.K.

* * *

Y.M.C.K. NEWS.

This month our Y.M.C.K. Mail Bag is filled to bursting point and we are thinking seriously of enlarging it. This pleases us ever so much, for it proves our Young Missionaries are getting more and more interested in the missions. As the editor will not consider giving us any more space, we must be content with a few extracts.

Bertha Arteau, who won first prize as a dime saver, says she cannot write very often because she has many tasks to do. Bertha is studying hard for her second year Superior at Laval University and she asks our prayers that she may obtain her diploma. You can depend on us, Bertha, and I can assure you the Y.M.C.K.'s are good at praying.

Margaret Deakin tells us of the formation of the Y.M.C.K. in Quebec: "We are going to form a club.

Isn't that great news, Captain? We intend to have a President and a Treasurer, and we are resolved to do everything possible for the missions." We are sure the Quebec Club will give a good account of itself, and as it is under the patronage of The Little Flower, it cannot fail to succeed in its missionary efforts. Margaret gives us much more news that is well worth printing, but we keep an eye on the space.

Leona Le Blanc, of River Hebert, writes: "The Young Missionaries of River Hebert are forming a Club and hope to do great things for the missions." Leona also tells us that they are going to have a picture taken of the Club, so in the next issue we may be able to show you what our Young Missionaries "down East" look like.

The Toronto Y.M.C.K. Club is flourishing, according to letters received from the Secretary. The reports of the weekly meetings sent in to the Captain are most interesting, but we haven't space to print them. However, we assure you that our Toronto Young Missionaries are working and praying hard for the missions.

* * *

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

Since our last issue there has been a movement among our Young Missionaries which is indeed gratifying. In certain sections they are forming themselves into clubs and circles. These Clubs have regular weekly or monthly meetings and the members are doing their best to discover ways and means of helping the missions. So far three of these Clubs have been formed—one in Toronto, one in Quebec and one in River Hebert, N.S. Reports from each centre show that the members of these Clubs are filled with enthusiasm, and we are expecting great results from their united efforts.

* * *

SAVING DIMES.

Some weeks before the Feast of the Little Flower, one of the patrons of our Young Missionaries, we conceived the idea of asking each Y.M.C.K. to save a few dimes for the missions in honour of Little Therese. Accordingly, we mailed a small "Dime Saver" card to each Young Missionary, with a promise of prizes for the first three to be returned—filled. The result was indeed pleasing, as it showed in no uncertain way that our Young Missionaries are willing to make sacrifices for the missions. The prizes were won by Bertha Arteau (Quebec); Edward, Robert and John Meagher (whose dime savers arrived simultaneously) (Montreal); and Lillian Sunderland (Quebec). There are still a number of dime savers that have not been returned, and we would ask the young people who have them to try to get them in by the end of the year or, perhaps, as a Christmas gift for the Infant Jesus.

We would like to make special mention of little Anthony Kelly, of Toronto, who earned the dimes for his "dime saver" by selling newspapers after school hours. This shows a commendable spirit of self-denial, for we are sure Anthony loves play as much as anyone else. Who knows? Perhaps the Little Flower will some day reward Anthony by obtaining for him the grace to be a "Big Missionary."

THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN GOOD WORKS IS

THE GIFT

By "THE CAPTAIN"

Father Gordon was celebrating his first Midnight Mass in a little Convent chapel. At the Consecration, as always since his first offering of the Holy Sacrifice, he paused to offer himself entirely to the God Who at the bidding of a creature had once more become incarnate for the love of men.

Vividly before the young priest's eyes was the picture of that first Christmas Night. From a heart overflowing with devotion he prayed: "Dear Infant Jesus—God of my soul—give me the grace to bring some straying soul to the love of Thy Sacred Heart this day. On Your Birthday I bring the best I have—my whole heart's love—give me, in return, the consolation of helping another heart to love Thee."

The Happy Feast wore on, with its usual, light-hearted festivity. Seated in his study that evening, Father Gordon reviewed the day. Yes, he had had a Happy Christmas, but away in the inner recess of his heart there was a disappointment. The "Gift" he had requested of His Divine Master at Midnight Mass had not come to him. Doubtless he was not worthy. But, then, worthiness was not and never could be the measure of Divine generosity in dealing with poor human beings. Had he failed to recognize the Gift? Had it come and passed him by? He pondered these questions anxiously.

The shrill peal of the telephone broke in on his troubled questioning. "Hello! Yes, Father Thomas. Do you want them to-night?" Father Gordon glanced at the clock (it was 10.30). "All right, then, first thing in the morning."

Hanging up the receiver he prepared to retire. Strange that Father Thomas should ring up at such an hour and for such an insignificant thing as headache tablets. Now that he considered the matter, there had been a tinge of disappointment in the old priest's voice at the suggestion of waiting until morning. Perhaps the dear old man was suffering. Father Gordon paused in the act of drawing off the last sock, as a thought came to him: "Perhaps this is the Gift!"

"How could going to a drug store for headache tablets bring a soul nearer to the Love of God?" Reason suggested sarcastically.

"God's Gifts sometimes wear strange disguises!" argued Father Gordon, and pulled on the sock decisively.

Ten minutes later he was on his way to the drug store. Hastening homewards, hope of receiving the Gift growing fainter and fainter, his attention was attracted by an excited crowd gathered around some object on the sidewalk. "A child has been run over," he was told, "and nobody seems to know who he is or anything about him."

Taking charge of the situation at once, Father Gordon succeeded in dispersing the crowd, and lifting the maimed little body tenderly in his arms, was driven to the nearest Catholic hospital.

There was no hope; he had known that from

the first glance, but he lingered beside the child, praying for a return of consciousness before the end.

He was not disappointed. Presently the blue eyes opened and looked wonderingly up at him.

"Where is your home, sonny, and what is your name?" questioned the priest, knowing that time was short.

"Ain't got no home." The little chap shook his head. "I'se bin sleepin' in a old garage last two weeks. Me name's Jacky."

"No father or mother?" urged the priest.

"No. Both died when I wuz a baby. I ain't got nobody only Uncle Bill, an' he's drunk all the time."

"Did you ever hear of God?" Father Gordon's voice was tremulous.

"Yes. I heard Uncle Bill say God damns you."

"Oh, no, Jacky! God loves you! Look! Father pulled out his crucifix and held it before the child's eyes. "See, He loves you so much He let wicked men nail Him to a cross so that you might live with Him always in His beautiful heaven."

"For me? Are you sure He died like that for me?" The childish voice was very wistful as he stretched out his uninjured hand for the crucifix.

"Yes, for you. And He wants you to love Him, too."

The big tears crept down the poor child's cheeks as he pressed the image of his Crucified God to his pale lips. "Dear God," he whispered, "I do love You an' I wish as I had known about You before."

Was there ever a more touching Confession of Faith? Father Gordon thought not as he hastily made preparations for Baptism. There was no time to waste, for although Jacky was not suffering, the flame of life was fast flickering out.

"You are sorry for anything you may have done to hurt God, Jacky?"

"Oh, yes! How could I not be sorry when He loves me so much?"

"Truly a conquest of Love!" thought Father Gordon, as he poured the saving waters over the child's forehead. Three minutes later Jacky's soul took its flight to the God he had so lately learned to love so ardently.

The big clock chimed the midnight hour as Father Gordon knelt before the tabernacle. "Dear Babe of Bethlehem," he whispered, "You sent the Gift so wonderfully. I thank you." Emotion choked further utterance, but the early dawn light shone on the young priest still kneeling there absorbed in loving thanksgiving for his Christmas Gift.



THE AMOUNT OF LOVE WE PUT INTO THEM.



DONATIONS---JUNE 1st TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1933

K. of C. \$300.00.
 Wm. McManamy. \$200.00.
 Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust Fund. \$100.00.
 Estate of Margaret Stewart. A Friend. \$48.00.
 Rev. H. Brunet. \$20.00.
 Mrs. McClure. \$10.00.
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 Rev. P. J. McGuire.
 Rev. E. Walsh, C.S.S.R.
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DIME SAVERS.
 \$3.00.
 Mrs. E. J. Wayland.
 Helena H. McCabe.
 A Friend, Montreal.
 \$2.10.
 Mrs. George Bennigen.
 \$1.00.
 Miss M. O'Connor.
 Miss Grace.

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.

A box containing an assortment of beautiful rosaries, crucifixes, medals and holy pictures, was received from Miss Loretto Martin, of Lafontaine, Ont. This contribution will be received with grateful appreciation by our Sisters in the West, where the demand for such articles of devotion always exceeds the supply.

GIVE AND DO NOT COUNT THE COST.

KEEPING THEM WARM.

From Mrs. Margaret MacDonald of Richmond, Quebec, we have received a supply of woolen gloves and stockings. What a blessing they will be to some mothers in the far West, who are having a hard time keeping their little ones' fingers and toes from freezing in the zero weather.

* * *

From London, Ontario, Miss E. L. Braeme has sent a useful assortment of warm clothing for the missions. This, too, we are sure, will meet with grateful welcome when it reaches the West.

* * *

The Catholic Women's League, of Wallaceburg, Ont., have forwarded a box of clothing to our hospital at Edson, where it will speedily be distributed among those most in need.

* * *

BUSY YOUNG MISSIONARIES.

We have received gratifying proof of the zealous activities of the Toronto Y.M.C.K. Club in the shape of interesting bundles for the missions. These bundles contained clothing that will keep the little ones warm and toys that will make their hearts glad. We congratulate the Toronto Y.M.C.K. and wish them continued success in their efforts to be real little missionaries.

* * *

STITCHING FOR GOD.

We wish to express our grateful appreciation to the C.W.L. Junior Subdivision of Chatham, Ont., who have forwarded a box containing altar linens, layettes, etc., to our mission.

May our dear Lord reward the many stitches made for the glory of God and love of souls!

Come to Bethlehem



May Jesus the Amiable
grant you Christmas Peace.

MAY He Who gave the Gift of gifts,
The Prince of Peace, to men,
Whose Star on that first Christmas Eve
Shone down on Bethlehem,
Grant you the gift of joy and peace
In most abundant store,
And bless for you and yours, dear friends,
The days that lie before.

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



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Toronto, Ont.	Settlement House
Winnipeg, Man.	Hostel

Camp Morton, Man.	2 Schools
Edmonton, Alta.	Catechetical Centre
Edmonton, Alta.	Hostel
Vilna, Alta.	Hospital
Edson, Alta.	Hospital
St. Brides, Alta.	School
Vancouver, B.C.	Hostel

Correspondence is Invited

The Field At Home



S.O.S

DOMINION
OF CANADA



CATHOLIC

NATIONAL

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"While Vicar General of Edmonton I saw at close range the excellent work done by the Sisters of Service in their multiple missionary activities. I cannot too highly commend their zeal and energy for the salvation of the most abandoned souls of Western Canada. The correspondence course in religious instruction, which they carry on with such success, deserves a special tribute, as they thus minister to the little ones of Christ far from Church and Catholic school."

✠ JAMES C. McGUIGAN,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

—*Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House, SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK.
Quebec, August 22, 1923.

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

CATHOLIC NATIONAL SISTERS OF SERVICE EDITORIAL

SAVE OUR CHILDREN!

KATHLEEN NORRIS was one day watching some children at play by the seashore. After being warned repeatedly to be careful and not to venture out too far, one of them ran up to her and said rather impatiently: "Grandma! . . . Don't worry! We kids don't want to die!"

This anecdote often came to our mind when on the fringe of our great Western hinterland we met groups of Catholic children living far from the Church. Her teaching and sacramental influence. Baptism has given to those Catholic children the instinct of spiritual life. They love to hear about the mysteries of their Faith. Their innocent hearts warm up to the teachings of Mother Church. The sacramental grace of Baptism is at work in their souls . . . they don't want to die . . . And yet who would not worry about them?

As years go by, having no contact with the Church, the custodian of their Faith, these isolated children are being unwillingly and unconsciously robbed of their most precious spiritual heirloom. This is in our mind the greatest tragedy of our Western Mission Field. For that army of to-day's children is ever on the march, and before long they shall have become the men and women of to-morrow. The care-free and uncertain patter of their little feet shall be, before we know it, the heavy and

deliberate step of mature age. And where will it lead them? If conditions do not change, the Church can already discount the tremendous losses of a whole future generation. Ignorance and neglect will have been the cause.



"Let the Little Ones Come to Me."

Faith is a gift of God. The Catholic child receives this gift through holy Baptism. But to grow and influence his life it must be enlightened by instruction. Catholic surroundings, it is true, are in themselves a great protection. This explains how, in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere, a soul, although ignorant of the Faith, will remain faithful to its teachings. Like the leaf of a tree, it imbibes life from the very atmosphere in which it is planted. But when the environment of a child is antagonistic to his Faith, or even one of complete religious indifference, the grace of Baptism soon withers away like a plant without moisture. The appearance of life may persist, even when the vitalizing sap has ceased to flow. As the child

grows into manhood, the religion of his Baptism will become a mere memory. How many have we not met out West who told us blandly and without any qualm of conscience . . . "That their parents were Catholics . . . that they themselves should be Catholics" . . . but who in reality had no religion at all, or, as they said, "had joined another Church."

EVERY OPPORTUNITY IS A RESPONSIBILITY.

Ignorance born of neglect and lack of opportunity is playing havoc with the souls of thousands and thousands of our Catholic children out West. The supernatural receptivity of the baptized soul for Catholic doctrine, having no opportunity to express itself, gradually fades away and dies. The absolute absence of Catholic convictions naturally follows. For ideas to be crystallized into convictions need to be very definite and strong. Then only do they grip the conscience and rule the will. These ideas are the flower and fruit of an enlightened Faith. And may we not add that it is the religious belief of the citizen which ultimately determines the character and forms of the country's citizenship?

How well Soviet Russia understood the shortest way to suppress religion when she banned, under pain of death, the teaching of religious notions of any kind to all children under the age of eighteen! Many of our own Catholic children out West are no better off than the children of Russia as far as the knowledge of their Catholic Faith is concerned.

Lost through *ignorance*, Faith is saved through *knowledge*. To spread this knowledge of the Faith among our Catholic children is essential to its preservation. Out West, living as they are in many places far from all contact with the Church, how can these "little ones" of the flock be reached? The present combination of circumstances militates against them without any fault of their own. Is it not therefore our greatest duty to bring to them by "periodical visits" and "by mail" the saving message of Christian instruction? The recent establishment of "vacational schools" throughout some of the Western dioceses has proven to be an important factor in the preservation of the Faith of our Catholic children. These tentative efforts point the way to a part-solution of this pressing problem.

An immense field is here open to the missionary efforts of the Sisters of Service. What a wonderful work could be done for "our children" had they an army of subjects to enlist in this work! A fleet of "catechetical vans" could be called into action to carry the saving message of Christian doctrine into the great hinterland of the West, and when winter comes, what an active "catechetical correspondence course" could be carried on! Through this the contact could be maintained.

The great danger to our mind is to avoid *spasmodic action* and *duplication of effort*. We would advocate a central bureau which would co-ordinate our forces and act as a "clearing-house".

Naturally this programme of action would have

to be supported by the Catholics at large. At the present time those settlers whose children we should reach and instruct are too poor to help the missionary sisters in their apostolic endeavour. But what Catholic who has once had the vision of these hundreds of thousands of innocent Catholic children who, without any fault of their own, are in danger of losing their faith . . . what Catholic, we repeat, would not be ready to come to their rescue and save them to the Faith of their Baptism?

The sense of Catholic unity which stirs the soul to its very depths will surely not allow some of its members to be stricken without the other members being quickened by a like feeling of sympathy. Solidarity of Faith calls for solidarity of *action*. Cardinal Bourne paid a wonderful tribute to the generosity of our Catholic people: "I have said it over and over again, that as soon as any good work can be brought home to our people, as soon as they are really made to understand the value and importance of a work, they do rally to its support in a most astonishing fashion."

Something, it is true, is now being done. Here and there Sisters are at work. At the Catechetical Centre of Edmonton they are in touch by correspondence with some 5,000 children. Similar efforts are at work elsewhere. But these efforts are not sufficient to staunch that large open wound of the Western Church, from which pours a constant stream of Her best and Her youngest blood. They only go to prove what could be done were the work organized on a larger scale.

To save our children to the Faith and in them the Catholic men and women of the next generation a *crusade* of Catholic Instruction is needed. In our estimation no greater service could be rendered to the Church in the Mission Field. There is enough Faith left in their parents' souls to have them second our efforts. They themselves may not be very particular in the fulfilment of their religious duties, they may even be fallen away—yet with a few exceptions they desire their children to be instructed in their religious duties. But this will not be the case with the children themselves when in a few short years they will have become mothers and fathers. Ignorance will have silenced their conscience and their children will not even know the blessings of Holy Baptism.

This is the impending tragedy facing the Church to-day in Her Home Mission Field. To avert it is now the greatest responsibility and harrowing anxiety of her priests and bishops.

G. Daly
Cue

IT IS BETTER TO MAKE MISTAKES THAN TO MAKE NOTHING.

Notes and Comments

SAINT BERNADETTE.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the halo of sanctity was placed on the brow of that humble peasant child to whom our Blessed Mother appeared by the hillside of Lourdes. A thrill of joy swept the Catholic world. For all devout clients of Mary feel attracted to that simple child who beheld with her innocent eyes the resplendent beauty of the Queen of Heaven and heard her tell the world that she was "the Immaculate Conception."

Kneeling at the altar of St. Bernadette, we shall ask her to give us something of her vision that we may love like her "the Beautiful Lady"—who is "God's Mother" and "our Mother."

St. Bernadette, pray for us!

G.D.

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THE VALUE OF THE PRINTED MESSAGE.

The influence of the Catholic Press was shown in a comment by a columnist of "The New World" to the effect that an ancient copy of a Catholic newspaper, used to wrap a package of medicine, once converted fifty people in North Carolina, and a Catholic book, left by a travelling peddler early in the last century was the means of bringing a noted New England family into the Church and to religious life.

Since these things are true, adds Dr. Rowan, it staggers one to contemplate the possibilities of a vigorous remailing campaign. Leaving a Catholic paper in a street car, a train, or a hotel might be instrumental in making many conversions. (Catholic Action.)

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OUR MISSIONARY RESPONSIBILITIES.

May the whole of Christendom hearken to Our appeal, and may all hasten to the help of souls redeemed by Christ and who still remain plunged in error and barbarity. *That any one should perish through our delay, through our want of generosity; that any one missionary should have come to a standstill through lack of material assistance we might have given him, implies a responsibility the seriousness of which we may not perhaps sufficiently realize.*—(Pius XI).

WHY GIVE TO THE MISSIONS?

Some give because they have naturally a big and generous heart. Any demand upon it meets with a hearty response.

Some give because the sufferings and needs of the poor, particularly of the children, appeal to them.

Some give because they wish to spread the Kingdom of God on earth, to see the Name of Jesus honoured by all. This is the true spirit that should prompt and maintain our giving to the Mission Field. For it is the spirit of God Himself in His gift of His own Beloved Son to the world. "Glory to God in the Highest" . . . this comes first; and "peace to men of good will" will follow.

G.D.

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ST. PAUL, THE GREAT MISSIONARY.

In the course of his four great missionary journeys, ranging between the year 45 and the year 67, St. Paul acts as founder of Christian Missions. When away from them, he continued to be interested in them; he saw them all united in one mystical body, the Church. Everywhere he sets up an ecclesiastical organization and laid the foundation of a hierarchy. Thus through the example given by this first and greatest of missionaries, we learn that the one and main effort of all mission work must be to solidly establish the Church. The very mixed concourse of his listeners prompted him to vary his methods of preaching. To the Jews, he sets before them the Christ he preaches as the crowning fulfilment of their whole history. To the Gentiles, on the other hand, the same Christ is that unknown God, for whose advent their poets, their rituals, and their very hearts have been longing. In like manner he adapted himself to the predisposition of first the one and then the other, making himself, as he tells us in his first epistle to the Corinthians, "all things to all men". Of these two masses of souls, the ones filled with Messianic hopes, and the ones imbued with Hellenic spirituality, he yearns to form one solid mass; "in all," as he says in his Epistle to the Galatians, he desires to "form the Christ".—(Missions and Missionaries—George Goyau.)

THE MISSIONARY IDEA OF ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

It is above all St. John Chrysostom who championed the missionary ideal and was its zealous and active apostle. In his homilies, he emphasises the lessons to be drawn from the Acts of the Apostles and the teaching of St. Paul. It is his opinion that: "If each and every Christian were but willing to bear testimony for the Faith that is in him, most of the pagans would be converted." In the twentieth and twenty-fourth of his homilies, he would fain make it an obligation for every member of the Church to take an active part in the conversion of all souls outside her influence. From this sacred and bounden duty, he would exempt no one; neither the ignorant, nor slaves, nor the sick, nor women. Why not even women? Because, he adds: "In the combats for the faith, a woman may prove to be possessed of more courage than a man!" The many methods employed by St. Paul, the care of the great apostle to attune himself to the minds of those he approached, making himself all things to all men, are excellently analysed in the preaching of St. Chrysostom. He will not allow his preaching to suffice him; he is essentially a man of action. His letters written in exile, reveal us Chrysostom as a capable organizer of missions in Phoenicia, in Cilicia and even in Persia. Minute in his instructions to his missionary monks and priests, in return, he exacts from them a most detailed information concerning their sphere of work. In his letters to them he deals with mission buildings, churches and convents, just as a Vicar Apostolic corresponding with the missionaries of his Vicariate is wont to do to-day.—(Missions and Missionaries—George Goyau.)

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THE SUNFLOWER TRAIL.

A tradition holds that when the Mormons struck out into the wilderness of Utah the members of the first exploring party scattered sunflower seed as they went. The next summer, when long trains of wagons came through with all the women and children they had the sunflower trail to follow—and to them the sunflower road stood for the road to freedom.

(Continued on page 5)

THE SOUL THAT LOVES NEITHER WEARIES NOR IS WEARIED.



OUR EASTER GREETINGS.

*Faith uphold you, Love enfold you,
Hope within your heart abide,
Joy surround you, Peace be with you,
Through this happy Eastertide.*

Christ is risen! Alleluia! How these words of the angel thrill our hearts and echo gloriously in the depths of our souls! There



is no season in all the year that causes the Christian heart to exult so triumphantly as the Feast of Easter. All God's creation, from the lowliest daisy in the fields to the white-robed choristers of St. Peter's, seems to be

singing jubilant Alleluias. Why? Because the Resurrection of Christ means the triumph of our Faith, for, as St. Paul says: "If Christ be not risen, then is our Faith vain." It means our Resurrection also—resurrection from sin and selfishness here and, after passing through our Calvary of death, resurrection to Life and Love Eternal.

That our readers and benefactors may share bountifully in this world-wide joy of Easter, is the sincere wish and prayer of our hearts.

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FINAL PROFESSION.

At the close of an instructive and inspiring eight-day Retreat, preached by the Rev. Father Healey, C.S.S.R., five of our Sisters had the joy of making their perpetual vows in the Motherhouse chapel. The ceremony took place on the morning of February 2nd, the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady. The vows were received by His Excellency Bishop A. Macdonald, who also celebrated the Feast Day Mass.

At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, the Veni Creator was intoned, after which the five chosen ones

of Christ, kneeling at the foot of the altar, pronounced their final vows, each Sister receiving a plain silver ring in token of her perpetual consecration.

The Bishop then gave a short encouraging address, in which he congratulated the Sisters on having reached the goal of their ambitions. His Excellency stressed the fact that there is always an object in every activity. Some direct all their energies towards an earthly objective, such as



Sister General and Our Five Finally-Professed Sisters.

ONLY LIVE FISH SWIM UPSTREAM.

money, fame, or ambition, but in the religious life we have chosen the highest objective—the only one worth while—the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

We were happy to have with us for the festal ceremony Rev. Mother Lidwina and Rev. Mother Othilia from St. Joseph's Convent. Their presence was an additional joy to this memorable Feast Day.

The Sisters making Final Profession were: Sister Ida Pickup (Quebec); Sister Monica Meade (London, England); Sister Eva Chartrand (Quebec); Sister Lidwina Furman (Poland); and Sister Mary Anne Paradis (Quebec).

Shortly after Profession, Sister Meade returned to Montreal, Sister Chartrand to Winnipeg, Sister Furman to Camp Morton. Sister Pickup and Sister Paradis will remain at the Mother House.

The following Sisters renewed their annual vows: Sister Carolyn Albury (Bahama Islands); Sister Alice Toomey (Ireland); Sister Florence MacNeil (Nova Scotia); and Sister Jessie MacKinnon (Scotland). Many of our Sisters also made renewal of vows on the various missions.

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FIRST PROFESSION.

On the same Feast Day three novices had the happy privilege of making their First Profession in the Novitiate chapel, their vows being received by the Rev. Father Healey, C.S.S.R.

At the close of the ceremony, in congratulating the newly-professed Sisters, Father Healey likened the religious life to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, comparing the entrance of a postulant to the Convent to the entrance of the priest into the Sanctuary. The months of postulancy and novitiate are the first part of the Mass, First Profession, the Offertory, Final Profession, the Consecration. The rest of life is the Communion until the *Ita Missa Est*, when the

Earthly Mass is over and the religious soul goes forth to eternal happiness.

Father also said that the Novitiate is God's candle factory, where candles are fashioned to burn for the glory of God and the enlightenment of darkened souls. On the Day of Profession the candles are completed and lighted for the first time, and the flame must be kept burning brightly throughout the years of religious life.

The Sisters making First Profession were: Sister Delena Chisholm (Ottawa, Ont.); Sister Ruth Mill (Quebec); and Sister Mary O'Kane (Scotland).



The Three Newly-Professed.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Our newly-professed Sisters started mission work almost immediately, Sister Chisholm being initiated into hostel work at the Toronto Hostel, Sister O'Kane setting out for Edmonton, where she will assist at our catechetical house, and Sister Mill remaining at the Mother House, Toronto.

Notes and Comments

(Continued from page 3)

JUST HAPPY!

One quiet autumn evening when the first shiver of the coming winter was in the air I was passing by St. Patrick's church. A bright young boy of about nine years came dancing and gesticulating along the sidewalk. I knew him well, so I stopped and said: "Well, Joe, and how are you?" "Oh! . . . Just happy!" replied the boy.

Just happy! . . . What a philosophy of life in that boy's answer! He was the son of an immigrant arrived a few years before from Germany. The family was poor and living in straightened circumstances. The boy himself was exceptionally gifted. He had just been to his weekly Confession and he was going home, skipping along—carefree, smiling—just happy—

To be "just happy"—is not that the great quest of life, the secret ambition, the eternal longing of the human heart? But how many of us can say like this boy . . . "I am just happy!" G. D.

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HIGH FINANCE.

Chicago.—If Judas had created a trust fund of \$1, and interest of 4 per cent. had been compounded semi-annually and allowed to accumulate, the estate to-day would be worth \$10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Jno. N. Cameron, Northwestern State Teachers' College mathematician, figured it out.—Daily Press.

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TO BE . . . AND TO DO.

"The bare recounting of what we do is but a confirmation for us of what we are. If we show ourselves zealous in the propagation of our faith, is it not a sure sign of the value our soul has placed upon it? We square our actions with our belief. What we do shows what we are.



A Group of S.O.S.

NO GIFT IS SO SMALL THAT IT DOESN'T ENCOURAGE AND HELP.



A HALLOWED SPOT IN SUNNY ALBERTA

THE atmosphere of Alberta breathes of space and freedom, bringing to the mind pictures of the great snow-fields beyond, of buffalos and wolves. But aside from this, it breathes of much more, particularly to the Catholic heart. A visit to St. Albert, about eight miles distant from Edmonton, convinced me of this and for days filled my soul with stirring thoughts of those brave heroes, Grandin, Lacombe, Ledne and others of the not far past, whose names the Indian trails still love to whisper and whose blood has sanctified the Western plains.

The West may be swept by waves of Communism and apparent lack of appreciation of religion—but can the prayers, toil and struggle of these missionaries be in vain? Words fail to describe the faith, the sacrifices and courage bespoken at St. Albert, whether it be in the little old cathedral

—the first this side of Winnipeg—or in the cemetery near by.

The cathedral is no longer used as a church but as a reliquary containing precious souvenirs of the earlier Oblate pioneers. There one may see in the glass cases, the blood-stained vestments and altar-linens, the breviaries, profession crosses of the murdered or departed missionaries, also two mitres and a crozier of deceased bishops. The relic that impressed us most and really held us awestricken, was the one over which was written: "All the wolves left of Father Marchand, who was murdered by the Indians at Frog Lake during the Rebellion of 1885, on Holy Thursday, April 2nd." All we could see were the upper teeth—a silent but convincing testimony of the owner's completed holocaust in the Master's Cause. Father Farfard was murdered the same day.

Other objects of interest to be seen in the little cathedral are a wooden altar built over the exact spot on which Bishop Grandin planted his staff when choosing the site of St. Albert, so named in honor of Father Lacombe's Patron Saint; the Bishop's throne, which was a tapestry chair, canes, and snow-shoes used by the missionaries. One article there I touched reverently, as it was, no doubt, used many times by Father Lacombe. It was a cooking utensil, a galvanized tin.

The walls are decorated with pictures and letters of Father Lacombe, also a Catechism Chart which he used in teaching our holy religion to the Indians, and



Tombs of Fathers Grandin, Lacombe and LeDuc.

WE MUST EXPRESS OUR LOVE FOR GOD AND



Father Lacombe.

which he devised himself.

We visited the tombs of Mgrs. Grandin, Fathers Lacombe and Ledue, in the chapel which is attached to the beautiful new church built near the old one, and in which burns the identical sanctuary lamp that was burning in the chapel of the Visitation Convent of Paray la Monial, when Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary. This lamp was presented by the Community to St. Albert's.

In the little church-yard lie the remains of the brave mis-

sionaries—priests and brothers in their allotted plots. There also lie the courageous women pioneers, the Gray Nuns, whose ministration meant so much to the uplifting of the Indians. There they lie peacefully awaiting the Last Great Day. In life, so also in death, they are still eloquently telling us of these great truths.

Surely to-day, as in the past, there are generous loving souls desirous of sacrifice, and burning with love for the Sacred Heart. All cannot do valorous deeds, but all can ask of the Friend of friends in the tabernacle, grace for the dying and the wayward, courage and confidence for our soldiers in arms—the missionaries. Oh, this is an apostolate for all!

S. C. G., S.O.S.

Endeavor to be ready to work or rest, to live or die, only as God wishes.—Bowden.

A great man is not a man so strong that he feels less than other men; he is a man so strong that he feels more. Sensibility is the definition of life.—G. K. Chesterton.

OUR BRETHREN IN TERMS OF SERVICE.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

On a warm summer afternoon in a tiny church on the Western Prairies a catechism class was in process. A number of children were being prepared by a Sister for their First Holy Communion. A First Communion class had never been held in a body in the history of this little town, and rapturous little faces were upraised to hear every word of the lesson sister was teaching.

Some distance away, another sister was endeavouring to engage the attention of a party of tiny tots who, though too young to enter the First Communion Class, yet insisted on coming to catechism class. As sister sat, an open book on her lap containing a full page colored picture of the Crucifixion, the little ones clustered about to hear the beautiful story of Christ's wondrous love for man. One tiny girl over whose curly, golden head only three summers had passed, pressed closer to listen. Slowly the baby eyes filled with tears, she kissed the pictured face, whispering softly, "Poor Dod, I loves Him." And yet there are some who would defer the religious instruction of children until they reach the "age of reason"!

SOME LITTLE THOUGHT.

Some little thought that steals to God away
When all thy other thoughts are busy here,
And saves one moment from the fretful day
To spend in pleading at thy Father's ear, —
Some loving thought may bring thee riches more
Than all the weary hours that went before.
—Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S.J.

S - O - S

*The works of the Church are built and rest
on the "little" sacrifices of "many."*

Sisters of Service

Appeal to our Catholic Canadians for

One Million Canadian Dimes

For the Support and Extension of Their Missionary Work in the Great Home-Mission Field of Canada.

IT CAN BE DONE!

Catholic Canadians have the means... and the will to do it.

WHO WOULD REFUSE A DIME?

Send to-day for a Dime-Saver.

Glimpses at Our Catechetical Correspondence

PERHAPS there is no branch of our missionary work so full of human interest as that which embraces the teaching of catechism by mail to over 5,000 children. We have made a few selections from the innumerable letters received, believing our readers will be touched, as we were, by messages coming straight from the hearts of these "little ones" for whom our Sisters are striving to save the precious Gift of Catholic Faith:

Dear Sister:—I am enclosing 10 cents for burning a candle for us for nine hours. We want to tell the Dear Lord that we love Him and that we like to be near Him all the time. And to ask Him to bless all the dear Sisters that send us lessons, for they make us feel nearer to God. And to look after our dear Mother, as she is unhappy and we love her so much we want to see her happy. Also our two brothers far away to keep them out of danger. And to bless the poor people less fortunate than us.

Dearest Sisters:—I am so glad to receive the nice letters you send us these days. I love God with all my heart and soul. Every night I pray for you, my dear teachers, for teaching me catechism so well. Hoping you luck and good cheer and wishes for the Holy Christmas.

Dear Sisters:—Many thanks for the lessons. They seem to us all like a visit from an old friend, in this land of strangers. May God shower His choicest blessings on your good work!

Dear Helpers:—I am willing to thank you a hundred times for doing me good. I study the lessons with joy. I enjoy reading the books you lend us. Your letters help us in many ways. When we can't get to Church we find out the fast days from your letters.

Dear Sisters:—I was very much obliged to receive the catechism lessons. I tried my best to answer them well and I hope to receive another set of questions soon. I have a little sister who asked whether you would send her some questions too. She is twelve years old, but did not

make her First Communion yet. May God bless you, dears, and help you with your work!

My Good Sisters:—Thanks very much for all the Church magazines you are sending to my little boy and me. I am very glad to have them, for times are very hard now and I can't subscribe to any. I take time every day to read some of our good missionaries' work to my little boy. It surely makes him feel that our religion is the only real one.

Dear Sisters:—I was so glad to receive your letter. Yesterday it was raining and we were not able to go to church so I spent my time saying prayers and I

made my little boy recite all the catechism lessons he got from you, dear sisters. He remembered them all very well. I am happy to hear from you that my little boy is able to make his First Communion. I think he is old enough to understand the good of such a great Sacrament and he is proud to think he

will be a real child of God. I will go to Communion with my son on his First Communion day and offer it to God for Him to bless you good sisters.

Dear Sisters:—I received the parcel of magazines which I appreciate very much. The little prayer which you sent me I memorized right away and I always say it in the morning, at night and during the day when I am not thinking anything else. I say this prayer with all my heart and love. I am enjoying the catechism lessons so much and I am very glad to have 100 almost always, which means that I do well, I suppose.

Dear Sisters:—We wish to express to you our heartfelt thanks for the great help you have given us in the study of catechism. June 19th was a great day for us, on which Reverend Father M— gave us the First Holy Communion. We hope that Jesus, the great Lover of children, will always remain with us and help us to be pure and full of love for Him. We have said some prayers to Jesus for you, dear sisters, to give you the strength and health to carry on your great work for Him.



Preparing Catechism Lessons.

EVERY MOMENT OF TIME MAY BE MADE TO BEAR



THE FIELD AFAR

"OUR CHINA MISSION SEMINARY."

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

In September of last year, at the reopening of the scholastic year, thirty-eight students were on the roll of this Canadian Mission Seminary preparing to become priests for the Prefecture-Apostolic of Chuchow, Chekiang, China. Sixteen are in theology, and the rest are philosophers. In addition to this number, seven theologians are pursuing their theological studies at Brignole Sale Foreign Mission Seminary in Genoa, Italy. This marks a record enrolment of students for St. Francis Xavier Seminary, and a new wing had to be added to the Building to provide accommodation for the increased number of missionary vocations. Two priests were ordained from St. Francis Xavier in September.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrath is the Mission Superior in Chuchow, the district in China entrusted to the Seminary for evangelization. The missionaries in Chuchow number 16, two of whom are Chinese priests. The Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, from Pembroke, Ont., conduct a dispensary and girls' school in Lishui, the chief city of Chuchow Prefecture. For the first time the entire personnel was gathered in Lishui in September, the occasion being the annual Priests' Retreat.

Rev. Hugh Sharkey, a missionary returned from Chuchow, is now establishing a Mission for Chinese in Vancouver, B.C. Father Sharkey is also the National Director of the Holy Childhood Association in Canada. — Missionary Union Bulletin.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Very few priests had ever the joy of receiving into the Church their whole family on the day of their ordination. An Indian priest of the diocese of Vizagapatam, India, had that exceptional happiness. The story deserves to be told.

Joseph Ravulapally was born of a poor pagan family. He was baptized at the age of 15 years, and was sent by his protector to a college to make his classical studies. His parents, seeing there a means to reach a salaried position, did not object. The young man found there his vocation. He was accepted as a seminarian by Bishop Rossillon, of Vizagapatam, and sent to Trichinopoly to make his seminary course under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. His good will, his love of study, his desire of sanctifying himself, never failed for a moment in six years.

When the time of his ordination came, it was decided that he would be ordained in his native village of Patibanda, to give the Christians the opportunity of seeing an ordination, also to win his family.

The ceremony was magnificent. Patibanda is a big village of well-to-do farmers, where there are 800 Christians. The bell-tower reaches 80 feet high, for the sole purpose of looking down a pagoda built by the pagans on a hill near the village. When it became known there was to be an ordination in that village, Christians flocked from all the neighbouring districts, 25 miles around, to see it. There were at least 4,000. In the church, packed to the doors, not one lost any of the ceremonies performed by the bishop, who was surrounded by a dozen priests. After the ordination, the new priest went to the door of the church and gave his hand to kiss. In the afternoon at

3 o'clock, the congregation brought their greetings to the new priest. Poets and singers showed their talents and those who could afford it brought presents to help the new Father to organize his household.

At five o'clock, a most extraordinary ceremony took place, the like of which must be very seldom seen. The newly ordained priest baptized his whole family, seven members, his father, brothers and sisters. The mother had died a few years before. Those neophytes had been preparing for a long time and they had decided to receive holy baptism on the day of the ordination.

* * *

BAPTIZED AT 102.

More than a century late in arriving at the baptismal font, according to the reckoning of us born in the faith, Mrs. Anna Sono Takahashi was 102 when she was baptized by the Canadian Dominicans of Hakodate.

* * *

AN INCURABLE OPTIMIST.

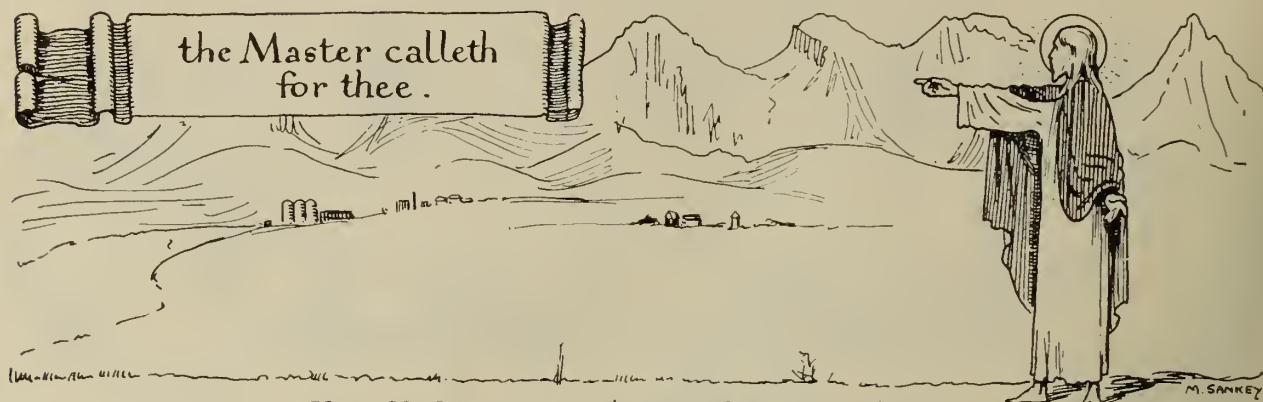
The habit of seeing things cheerfully, in the opinion of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, of Maryknoll, is the surest test of the true missionary. He is an incurable optimist.

—America.

* * *

During the year 1933 Canada sent 178 missionaries into the mission-fields of Propaganda. There were 49 priests, 35 brothers and 94 sisters. This is surely a wonderful proof of the vitality of the Church in Canada.

One-third of the entire Foreign Mission Field is under the British flag.



VOCATIONS

HER ONE TALENT

"I DO wish I knew what my talent is, Mary. They say everybody has at least one talent, but I must be the exception. There doesn't seem to be anything I can do really well."

Betty sighed disconsolately and looked at her friend with an inquiring expression that demanded some sort of an answer.

"If it were anyone else I'd say you were fishing for a compliment, Betty, but I know you too well for that. But what has started this interest in the subject of talents?"

"You remember my telling you I had visited my old teacher, Sister E—. When I was leaving she said: 'Be sure you don't bury your one talent, Betty.' I've been wondering what she meant ever since."

"Why, Betty, there are so many things you can do." Mary smiled affectionately into the serious grey eyes looking up at her. "You can play the piano, you can sing, you can write stories—not to mention your ability as a shorthand typist. What else do you want?"

"Oh, Mary, you don't understand. I can't do any of those things well enough to claim them as talents. It's true I do a little of each one, but I'm not really *good* at any. Besides, I'm sure Sister E— did not mean anything like that."

"No, I don't think she did." Mary's voice had a thoughtful slowness as she continued: "What is more, I have a pretty shrewd idea of what she did mean."

"Oh, have you? Then do tell me quickly so that I can start in developing it at once."

"Well, Betty, I don't know whether you know it yourself, but other people can't help noticing it. You seem to have a natural gift for loving."

"Oh, but—" Mary stopped the interruption with a gesture.

"Wait a minute; let me explain. I know loving isn't often spoken of as a talent, but I firmly believe that when God gives a soul a great capacity for loving He expects her to use that talent for His glory and the good of mankind just as though He had given her a talent for teaching, singing, painting, writing, etc."

Betty's eyes were wide with interest. "That's a wonderful idea, Mary. I never thought of such a thing before. But what makes you think I have a talent for loving?"

"What makes me think so! Why, Betty, you love everything and everybody, from sunsets to chimney-sweeps. One can't help noticing how children and animals take to you. It's the drawing power of affection—in other words, your talent for loving."

Betty was still incredulous. "Loving! Why that comes natural to me—just like breathing. How can it be a talent?"

"It may be natural to you; nevertheless it's a tremendous gift—and a gift that may lift you to the highest heights or drag you to the lowest depths, according as you use or abuse it."

"You almost frighten me, Mary." Betty's voice was very earnest as she continued. "Tell me, what should I do with such a queer sort of a talent?"

"I don't feel competent to give you really serious advice. You should consult some one wise and experienced."

"Oh, I feel sure you have some pretty good ideas on the subject, or you wouldn't have said

this much. So go ahead and give me the benefit of them."

"Well, if you want my opinion, I think the first thing to be done with this talent, as with any other, is to dedicate it wholly to God."

"And that means?"

"It means giving all that power of loving, God has given to you, back to Him. Then when it has been cleansed and purified in His Divine Heart He will return it to you—a living flame—to attract other hearts to His Infinite Love."

"But how do I give it back to Him?"

"By never allowing any thing or any person to have a place in your heart contrary to His Will. Make no mistake, Betty, this will not be easy. There will be times when you will crave earthly affection and companionship so much that even if God is asking something else you will be strongly tempted to say 'No' to Him. With a heart like yours you cannot hope to avoid it; it is the price you must pay for a loving heart."

"Is it wrong, then, to have dear friends?" questioned Betty half-fearfully.

"Indeed not!" replied Mary warmly. "Are *we* not close friends? What I mean is that love for an earthly friend must never be so great as to interfere with what God wants of us. You, with your intense capacity for loving, are bound to find this very hard at some time or other."

Mary paused a moment, looking sympathetically into her friend's eyes. "But," she continued almost immediately, "what a glorious gift it will be once the dross has been consumed!"

"And the furnace in which all human love is purified is God's Love. Oh, yes, I think I understand. And I thank you very much, Mary, for opening my eyes to the worth of my one talent before it is too late. Pray now that I won't bury or squander it."

A month later in the Novitiate at G— the novice-mistress was interviewing a young candidate. It was Betty. Presently the conversation turned to various accomplishments and talents.

"I discovered a few weeks ago," said Betty, "that I have only one talent."

"And what is that?" enquired the novice-mistress with interest, sensing she was about to discover the key to the girl's character.

"It's a talent for loving," said Betty simply. "That's why I'm here—because I want to give back to our Lord this talent He has given me by loving Him with all my heart and loving souls for His sake."

She paused, half-afraid she had said too much and perhaps destroyed her chance of acceptance. But the novice-mistress, wise with the wisdom of many years' experience with souls, knew that this one talent, if wisely fostered and developed, would far outweigh all other accomplishments.

"You may come to us whenever you are ready, my dear," she said decidedly.

Kneeling before the tabernacle a few minutes after, Betty's heart was whispering: "Thanks, dear Jesus, for showing me my talent, and thanks even more for accepting it and me in Your Own dear service."

S. C. A., S.O.S.

WHERE ARE THE BELATED REAPERS?

"And seeing the multitudes He had compassion on them; because they were distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd. Then He saith to His disciples: 'The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest.'"

After twenty centuries of Christianity these words of the Master are still true. They picture most vividly religious conditions in our own country. What multitudes, indeed, are to-day "distressed and lying like sheep that have no shepherd!" If we could visualize these "shepherdless crowds" of our great Western Mission Field, how fervently would we not pray "the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into His harvest!"

Where are the belated reapers of this plentiful harvest? Why do they delay? The need of the present hour is so pressing. If to-day they do not come, to-morrow the harvest of Catholic souls will be lost to the Church. What a challenge to our Catholicity!

Young girl, are you perhaps among these belated reapers? God's grace is prompting you to come into that Mission Field and give your life to the "highest service". Why delay? If you come, souls will be saved; if you refuse, souls will be lost. Yes . . . why delay?

PRAYER FOR THE RIGHT CHOICE OF A STATE OF LIFE.

O Thou, the God of Wisdom and Counsel, Who dost perceive in my heart a sincere desire of pleasing Thee alone, and of conforming myself entirely to Thy most Holy Will in the choice of my state of life, grant me, I beseech Thee, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, my mother, and of my patron saints, especially St. Joseph and St. Aloysius, the grace to know what state of life I should choose, and when known to embrace it, so that I may seek and spread therein Thy Glory, work out my salvation, and merit that reward in heaven which Thou hast promised to those who fulfill Thy Divine Will.—Amen.

(300 days indulgence once a day.

—Pope Pius X, May 2, 1905).

PEOPLE ARE OFTEN THE CARPENTERS OF THEIR OWN CROSSES.



1534 — AFTER 400 YEARS — 1934

CANADA celebrates this year the fourth centenary of its discovery by Jacques Cartier. Four hundred years is not a long time in the history of a nation. Yet in a young country like ours this centennial should carry with it to the minds and the hearts of her loyal sons and daughters a message and an inspiration.

Centenaries are like the hilltops on which a nation loves to light up the fires of her history. They seem then to burn brighter; the lights and shadows thrown on the landscape of her past show the way in her march towards the future.

The message of Canada's past history is assuredly most gratifying to Catholic Canadians. The Catholic Church stands as a mother by the cradle of our nation. Her interests and those of the nation were one at the origin of her history.

The outstanding feature of the discovery of Canada by the Mariner of St. Malo is the fact that his venture across the ocean in quest of unknown lands was prompted by the desire to spread the Catholic Faith and to give a new dominion to his King, Francis I. This

noble ideal of Jacques Cartier stands out in bold relief on July 24th, 1534, when on landing on the shore of Gaspe Peninsula, he planted the cross of the Redeemer and hoisted to the winds of a new

THE GREAT DISCOVERER.



world the "Fleur-de-lys" of France. It was, therefore, by the planting of the sign of our Redemption and by the celebration of Mass that our discoverer took possession of this new dominion. The very name of our mighty St. Lawrence also bears testimony of his faith; for was it not on his second voyage, on the Feast of the great Martyr, August 10, 1535, that our courageous mariner discovered that great highway which a few years later—1541—was to lead him and his crew to Stadacona (Quebec) and to Hochelaga (Montreal)?

We may then well say that our Catholic Faith is written on the very map of our vast country. The names of rivers, capes, islands and lakes of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, con-

tinue after 400 years, to speak of the faith of her great discoverers. This fourth centenary cannot be fitly celebrated without the public acknowl-

A FEW WORDS SOUND MORE IN THE EAR OF

edgement of this Catholic origin of our native land.

It is most befitting that Catholic Canadians should celebrate with pride and joy this centennial anniversary of the discovery of their beloved country. Canada was a Catholic country from its very origin. Time indeed has changed the complexion of our land. The conquest of Canada by England, and in recent years a policy of intense immigration, brought to our shores many who are not of our Faith. At times, history will bear us out, the preponderance of their power and wealth, if not of their numbers, led to persecution. The struggle for our Catholic schools bears testimony to this fact. Watchfulness—the eternal price of liberty—has ever been and should remain our policy throughout the Dominion.

The liberties of minorities in Canada are protected by the "British North America Act". To continue to safeguard these liberties is our sacred duty. The battles of the future will call for greater strength and better organization. Preparedness alone will assure us victory.

A new century begins. Sweeping changes in the economic and political order are foreseen by many. To stand fast by our country in the throes of the birth of a new order, is the obligation of every country-loving Canadian. To weld into one nation the various national elements that have been brought to our shores by the tide of immigration, should be our ambition and the goal of our pursuits. This national consciousness will make us share the great responsibilities with which the nation is confronted at this fourth centenary mile-stone of its history.

The greatest contribution we Canadian Catholics can offer to the conservation and upbuilding of our country is to keep the faith and to help others to keep it. For conscience is the sheet-anchor of citizenship and conscience in the soul of a Catholic is protected and enlightened by his faith.

Standing at attention before the Map of Canada, like the soldier before the national flag, while our eyes take in the sweeping vision of those "immense distances from sea to sea", let us, on this fourth centenary of the discovery of our beloved Dominion, proudly sing:

O Canada, our Fatherland, our own,
Thy brow is crowned with glory and renown!
For thine arm that knows how to raise the sword,

Knows how to uphold the Cross!

Thy valour is a glowing word

On history's page across!

Honour and Faith like sentries stand

To guard our liberties, our laws, our land.

CHARITY THAN DISCOURSES TO A COLD HEART.

Neath the eyes of God, beside a giant stream
We Canadians dwell wrapt in a golden dream;
Our Land, we know, below the skies is the fairest of the earth,

By heroes' deeds and martyrs' sighs,

'Twas blessed at its birth;

Raising our Flag proudly on high,

We swear, for it that we will live and die,

O Canada, for thee we will live and die.

(Translation of Miss Bellelle Guerin)

G. Daly, C.Ss.R.

A MORE CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

Declaring that the past seven consecutive months had been months of recovery in general business in Canada, and that there were some sound reasons to believe this recovery would continue, leading executives of the Bank of Montreal had messages of cheer to deliver at the Annual Meeting of the Bank held at the Head Office in Montreal.

"It is a wholesome and a healthy exercise to think optimistically, and the annals of this Bank, the history of former depressions and present indications fully support the confident hope that normal times will return. But we must not be unmindful that Canada's prosperity is dependent upon keeping her own house in order and on the ability and the willingness of other countries to purchase her products, for we are not without competition.

"Natural correctives are working toward world recovery, but many artificial barriers still impede progress. Economic and financial disruption have been brought about to no small extent by the operations of Central Banks under political influence, by excessive tariffs and quotas, by exaggerated nationalism bordering on ancient tribalism, the stoppage of free migration of peoples, distrust and selfishness, by impatience, a loss of individualism on the part of citizens and their surrender of independence in many former democratic countries.

"In contrast, Canada is fortunately circumstanced in that it is a young country, with an abundance of nature's gifts, with a hardy people, self-reliant and free of traditional hatreds, and with an inspiring past and a boundless future."

(Bank of Montreal Annual Report.)

MUSIC.

How little music could one ever get out of a violin without the pressure of the fingers on the strings! Is it not even thus that God brings the music out of souls? All the sweetest chords are evoked, not from the open strings, but from those pressed hard by the Master's Hand.—James Buckham.



Attention, Young People!

CHILDREN'S PAGES

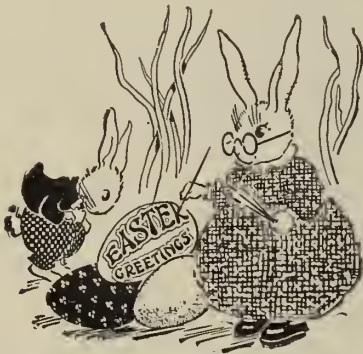
Dear Young People:—

My message will be reaching you in time for the Easter Alleluias. It is too late to say anything to you about Lent, for those days of sorrowing with our Lord are over, and we are now rejoicing in His glorious Resurrection. So I shall only extend my wishes for a joyful Easter and pray very earnestly that our Risen King will give each one of you His

choicest Resurrection graces.

Easter should be a very special Feast for Young Missionaries who rejoice in the patronage of Christ the King. For on that first Easter morning, when He arose triumphant from the tomb, our Heavenly King proved His kingship over death, over hell, over sin and all the forces of Satan. Therefore, we know He will give us the strength to be victorious also over all that is evil, both within us and without us.

That you all may be faithful to the graces won for you by our Risen King, is the Easter wish of
THE CAPTAIN, Y.M.C.K.



NEWS FROM YOUNG MISSIONARIES.

Stevella Nealon, Secretary of the Toronto Y.M.C.K. Club, has sent us several letters giving interesting accounts of the weekly Club meetings. We are glad to see Toronto Young Missionaries so active in their endeavours to help the missions, and we are eagerly awaiting news from the Y.M.C.K. Clubs at Quebec and River Hebert.

Pauline Challis, a new member from Quebec,

asks our prayers for her grandmother, who is seriously ill. You can count on the Y.M.C.K. prayers, Pauline.

Marie Kelly, of Toronto, tells us she is 13 years old and is in Form II. of St. Joseph's High School. Marie says she likes school, except for the examinations, and she thinks she is not the only one who feels that way about it. One can't have things too sweet, you know, Marie.

Kathleen Kelly, of Quebec, writes: "I will always remember the great gift I received in 1933—the privilege of becoming a Young Missionary. I would like to present this gift to others during 1934. I am enclosing a list of names. They are all very anxious to become young missionaries and will be members of our Quebec Y.M.C.K. Club." It's easy to see, Kathleen, that you have the real missionary spirit which always shows itself in an effort to share blessings with others.

Mary Shanahan, of Toronto, tells us she is 13 years old and in third form. Mary is a member of the Toronto Y.M.C.K. Club and says she looks forward eagerly to the weekly meetings. That is a good sign, Mary, and we hope all the members are as enthusiastic as you are.

Florence Le Blanc, a new Y.M.C.K., writes: "I am 15 years old and would like some Young Missionaries to write to me. I am saying my three 'Hail Marys' every night." Welcome to our ranks, Florence! We are sure there must be a Y.M.C.K. somewhere who is looking for a correspondent just like you.

Marjorie Le Blanc, River Hebert, says: "I wish to become a Young Missionary, as then I will be able to belong to the Y.M.C.K. Club of River Hebert. I read the S.O.S. magazine and enjoy it very much. It has very interesting stories." We are glad to welcome you as a member of the Y.M.C.K., Marjorie, and we know you will do your best to make the River Hebert Club a success.

Joan Conway, Quebec, writes: "I wish to become a Young Missionary, and I promise to do all I possibly can to help the missions and also to pray for them." Keep this promise, Joan, and you will be everything a Young Missionary should be.

JOHNNY'S FELIX CULPA.

Johnny's Ma: "Johnny, there were three pieces of pie in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

Johnny: "Well, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

IF YOU CANNOT BE A STAR IN THE SKY,

SUGGESTIONS.

Here are a few suggestions for our Y.M.C.K. Clubs:

1. Choose a day on which all the members will receive Communion in a body. If each one wore her Y.M.C.K. badge on this day, it would be a public profession of interest in the missions.

2. Choose a virtue, such as generosity, love, kindness, etc., to be practised by the members each month.

3. Have a special missionary patron for the year, such as St. Francis Xavier, St. Paul, the Little Flower. This saint should be chosen by vote.

4. Each member should make a resolution to *do* at least one thing for the missions each month. (We take it for granted, of course, that you all *pray* for the missions every day).

* * *

FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

Every act of yours, whether good or bad, is an example to others. You do not know how far-reaching are the consequences of your good behavior, reverence for holy things, charity, and attention to your daily tasks at home and at school. Nor do you realize how far the influence of your disobedience, flightiness, carelessness in your devotions, or disrespect for your superiors, travels. Never let it be said of you that you have set a bad example. Rather, make it your ambition to be an example for good in your home and school, and in the community in which you live.

* * *

TO-MORROW.

Honey, jes lissen!
 Don't cry and fret;
 There's a whole day t'morrow
 That ain't been touched yet!
 Might be a sunrise
 Make yo' heart shout—
 Look jes' like Heaven
 Turned inside out.
 Might be a' walkin'
 Long o' the road,
 Fin' a gol' nugget
 Big as a toad.
 Might turn a corner
 Mos' any place—
 Bes' friend a' smiling
 Right in yo' face!
 Heart o' mine, lissen!
 Why will yo' fret?
 There's a whole day t'morrow
 That ain't been touched yet!

—Anna B. Bryant.

BE A LAMP IN THE HOUSE.

PROMISES.

Keep the promises you make to yourself as faithfully as you would those made to others. You would not, of course, break a promise made to your parents or a friend, but have you ever told yourself that you would go straight home after school and then permitted yourself to be persuaded to stop at your friend's house for a few minutes which lengthened into an hour? Or have you ever said to yourself, "I'll stop at the next chapter and go to bed," and then read on and on until far into the night? Little things, but each time, your will power was weakened and it was just that much harder to keep the next promise made to yourself. It is a fine thing to hear, "That girl always keeps her promises," but if you are that girl, be sure they include those made to yourself.



A KIND INTERPRETATION.

Try to interpret the actions of others kindly. If a classmate uses a sharp tone in speaking to you, it is very probable that he or she did so unintentionally and now regrets it. You know how you sometimes speak brusquely without meaning to do so and the next moment are sorry for it. At such times you appreciate the kindness and gentleness of the friend who says, "You didn't mean it. You were busy and in a hurry and I don't mind." Try, then, to be just as considerate of others as you like others to be to you.

* * *

AMIABILITY.

Amiability is a gift, precious to the possessor and to all who come in contact with him. It brings friends and good fortune to its possessor and helps other people to bear their crosses and trials. It is a gift even more precious than physical strength or mental alertness; one that we would do well to cultivate.



CONTRIBUTION TO MISSIONARY PURPOSES IN THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

St. Paul, the great missionary, often begged for alms in favour of his missions. Writing to the Corinthians (II. Cor. viii., xi) he encourages them to be liberal in their contributions. He gives as an example to follow the generosity of the Macedonians who notwithstanding "their very deep poverty gave to the poor of Jerusalem according to their power" and even "beyond their power."

"Let, therefore, your abundance supply their want that their abundance also may supply your want that there may be an equality, as it is written, 'He that had much had nothing over and he that had little had no want.'"

"That there may be an equality"—here lies the secret of success in all our missionary work. Until Catholics fully grasp the meaning of this doctrine our missions will be in want and linger in their paralyzing poverty. The unequal distribution of man and money power is the great

weakness of the Church to-day. What extraordinary progress would we not witness in the mission field were the abundance of certain dioceses and parishes in the East to supply the wants of the West! G.D.

BANK THAT PAYS HIGHEST INTEREST.

St. Francis de Sales once wrote: "Nothing makes us so prosperous in this world as our alms." It is the old story of the cup of cold water offered in the Lord's name or the bread cast upon the waters. Countless are the times that we have heard this truth coming from the lips of benefactors.

One recent experience comes

to mind. The custodian of a school-house adopted a native seminarian some years ago. He paid the young man's tuition annually and when the student received Holy Orders he adopted another. Making the first payment on the tuition of the latter he said: "This is the greatest bank in which I ever made a deposit. Every penny I have given has come back in numerous ways and I hope to continue this charity as long as God allows me to stay on earth."

THANKS.

We wish to express our appreciation of a useful assortment of knitted gloves and stockings received from Miss A. Macdonald, Richmond, Quebec, for our western missions.

S.O.S

Plough Some of Your Earnings

S.O.S

into the Home Mission Field of Canada where the harvest is so plentiful and the labourers are so few.

THIS IS A GOOD INVESTMENT

By giving to the Missionary Work of the
SISTERS OF SERVICE

You contribute to the conservation and propagation of the Faith in your own Country—Mother Church expects every Catholic Canadian to do his duty.

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Write for information

GIVE A LITTLE TO ONE WHO GAVE ALL.

A Missionary Endeavour for Canada

Catholic



National



"LOOK AT BIG MAPS"

Become a Partner in our Missionary Work

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A CATHOLIC AND NATIONAL INVESTMENT

BURSES—Those who give \$5,000 will establish a burse for the training of a Sister.

FOUNDERS—Those who give \$1,000 will be esteemed as Founders.

PATRONS—Those who give \$500 will be accounted as Patrons.

HONORARY MEMBERS—Those who give \$10.00 a year for 10 years, or \$100, become Honorary Members.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS—Those who give \$5.00 a year for 10 years, or \$50, become Associate Members.

*Every contribution, large or small,
will be gratefully accepted.*

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



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Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

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Halifax, N.S. Port Work
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Ottawa, Ont. Hostel
Toronto, Ont. Hostel
Toronto, Ont. Settlement House
Winnipeg, Man. Hostel

Camp Morton, Man. 2 Schools
Edmonton, Alta. Catechetical Centre
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Edson, Alta. Hospital
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Correspondence is Invited

The Field At Home



S.O.S

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OF CANADA



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SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"While Vicar General of Edmonton I saw at close range the excellent work done by the Sisters of Service in their multiple missionary activities. I cannot too highly commend their zeal and energy for the salvation of the most abandoned souls of Western Canada. The correspondence course in religious instruction, which they carry on with such success, deserves a special tribute, as they thus minister to the little ones of Christ far from Church and Catholic school."

✠ JAMES C. McGUIGAN,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of

the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

—*Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House. SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK. Quebec, August 22, 1923.

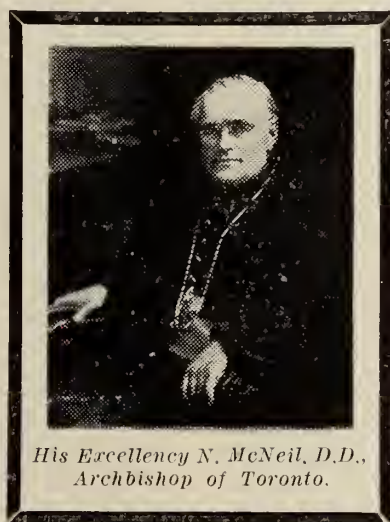
"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

CATHOLIC NATIONAL SISTERS OF SERVICE EDITORIAL

When Death Comes to the Archbishop

THE Angel of Death has claimed the venerable, the beloved Archbishop of Toronto, His Excellency Neil McNeil, D.D. With him, an outstanding figure in the public life of Canada disappears. The Church and the Nation lose a great Bishop and a leading citizen. In silent, prayerful admiration Canada stood at attention by his grave. His beautiful soul has gone to an eternal reward. His crowded life is history.

It is not our intention here to reproduce all the tributes of praise and honour paid to our beloved deceased from all parts of Canada. Our "In Memoriam" is of a very personal nature—a duty of deep gratitude. Was not Archbishop McNeil the Father and Friend of the little Institute of the Sisters of Service? He made its foundation possible. Without his guidance and influence our Canadian Missionary Society would not be in existence to-day. No mother ever watched with more care and affection over the cradle of a beloved child as the Archbishop did over our nascent and struggling Institute. His great love for Church and Country gave him the



*His Excellency N. McNeil, D.D.,
Archbishop of Toronto.*

vision of what its foundation and development would mean in time to Mother Church in Canada. His ardent Catholicism and enlightened patriotism made him sponsor and help this modern religious movement which undoubtedly was at its birth a departure from the traditional path. Facts have proven that he was right in this apostolic venture.

When the history of our great Canadian Churchman is written his association with the Sisters of Service will surely make an interesting

chapter. The foundation of their community will always be a most cherished memory of his unabated zeal for the Home Mission Field of Canada. This personal and fatherly interest of the Archbishop will remain one of the most coveted treasures of the newly-founded Canadian Community.

At the grave of our Venerable Archbishop the Sisters of Service claim a special place to pledge their loyalty to the apostolic ideals he often placed before them and to pray that God may give to his beautiful and childlike soul "perpetual light and eternal rest."

GIVING TO THE POOR INCREASETH A MAN'S STORE.

CHARITY WILL SAVE THEM

EVERY ONE acknowledges and deplores the leakage that undermines to-day the forces of Mother Church particularly in our large industrial centres. There is a diversity of opinion as to how deep and wide-spread the evil may be. Statistics, we know, are chameleon-like, taking and reflecting more or less the argument we wish to prove. Yet no matter what our opinion may be as to the exact extent of our losses, we all agree that these are heavy and at times doubt if they are compensated by our gains.

To realize how readily the disintegration of Faith sets in among the present-day working-classes, one has only to analyse the dissolving factors that enter into their lives. They belong to the "unthinking masses" and as such are creatures of their environment. And how deleterious this environment is, particularly for our poor Catholic immigrants! Totally absorbed by the hard struggle of life they welcome relief from wherever it may come.

Colonies of Catholic foreigners are filling up the slums of our large industrial centres. They crowd together for mutual help and protection. For many, unfortunately, the light of Faith is weak. This is due to neglect and very often to ignorance. In the land of their birth the very Catholic atmosphere in which they lived kept them faithful to the religion of their baptism. But here, how different! Like a hot-house plant exposed to the cold open air, their faith languishes and often perishes.

These Catholic foreign masses are to-day a challenge to our Christian charity. By reason of their social isolation they become isolated from the Church. Shall we leave them in this isolation of their poverty? Are they to stand at the very doors of our churches and our institutions until they become "nationalized" according to the standards of their adopted country? If we wait until then we may be painfully surprised to find how few will remain to be cared for. The greater number will have been washed away and swallowed up in the maelstrom of those "unchurched masses" which to-day flood our industrial towns and cities.

Charity alone will save them. If the old Faith comes to them clothed in charity they will react to our kindness. If on the contrary our contact with them is but "formal" and "official"—not only to say "business like"—they will retire within themselves and become suspicious. This is particularly true of immigrants who come from countries where the Church was state-supported. Another barrier difficult to overcome is the differences of language. It separates their soul from our soul and eliminates that communion of ideas so helpful to mutual understanding.

Yet we maintain that *our charity* will help immensely to preserve and strengthen *their faith*. This will be effected not so much by the benefits which will accrue to them as through the great mystery of Christian solidarity whereby the merits of the strong will supply for the deficiencies of the weak. Through that mysterious reversibility of merit, the charity of some will keep alive the faith of others until the day when that same weakened faith will also burst forth into charity . . . and Christian life will be saved.

What form should our Christian charity take? What should be our approach to this ever-growing problem of the leakage among our foreign-born Catholics? For "sympathy without works is like eyes without light."

The complexity of our modern city life has stressed our social ethical relations. To understand them, to follow them up in their various implications is the duty of one who claims and wishes to be "his brother's keeper." So social work, well understood and pursued in the light of Catholic principles, is nothing else but the practice of Christian Charity. The wide range of its activities covers the field of human needs.

Those most in danger of being unconsciously robbed of their Faith by the wretched environment that often surrounds our "foreign colonies" are the children. To save the children of Catholic parents to the Faith of their baptism should in our opinion be the particular object of our charity. Brought up in the atmosphere of this country they belong to another age than that of their parents. Where the population is predominantly non-Catholic they may be easily lost to us, thinking it is "good form" and more promising to discard the Faith of their fathers.

Were we to limit our activities merely to the philanthropic side of social work, or to mere natural betterment of the child or the worker, we would not be doing more than the "others"—perhaps not doing it so well through lack of funds. We must infuse the supernatural element if we want this work to be helpful to the Church. It is the baptized soul that we should try to reach—through charity—and by charity keep it to the Faith and to the Church.

Only Charity, true Christian Charity—not mere philanthropy—is able to bridge the gulf that national and racial characteristics have thrown between us and the Catholic foreigners. It will make us forget these frontiers which divide us and only leave that one Faith which unites us. If we do not translate that Faith into Charity our preaching and our unity of worship will remain ineffectual. Charity is the most active and exhaustive expression of our belief.

G. DALY, C.S.S.R.

PAIN IS A RELIC OF THE TRUE CROSS.

The Pioneer Woman

By FLOYD KEELER.

NOT long ago there was erected in the western part of the United States a statue to "The Pioneer Woman." Its purpose was to give honour and remembrance to that heroic band of women who went with their men and endured the hardships of wresting a new country from the wilderness, by their labour making it fit for civilization. This statue represents a type which is practically gone from the United States, for its last frontiers have been settled, and the pioneer is no longer seen.

In Canada this is not so true, for there are still vast stretches of the great West which are in the process of making. Thousands of acres on the vast prairies and in the wooded sections nearer the mountains still await the settlers' axe and plough. Bands of intrepid folk from the East and from across the seas still go out yearly to build up a new empire, to found homes for themselves and their posterity—to constitute the future Canada of the West. Among these are "pioneer women" as valiant as those who, a few generations ago, went West in the United States. Modern methods of communication and transportation render their lot a bit less isolated, but there are still hardships aplenty, and it is a life which calls for the same heroic fortitude.

"The Pioneer Woman" of the statue set her face resolutely toward the setting sun and toiled on and on in order to carve out a heritage for herself and her children. She sought for them the advantages which a new land offers. Her sacrifices were not in vain—they have entered into a goodly possession.

The Canadian pioneers of to-day are doing the same, and their descendants will doubtless reap an equally great reward. But these are material things—good in themselves, but not the "summum bonum" of man's existence. How about the spiritual heritage? How about those things which transcend time, which are for all eternity? Opportunity for them is lacking in many instances and unless something is done *now* in a big way, a whole generation is in danger of being lost to God's Church. To prevent this catastrophe the call goes out for another type of "pioneer woman." She needs the same resolute character, the same ability to laugh at difficulties, the same stout-hearted endurance, but she is called to work not for the fair acres of prairie land, but for souls who shall be made safe for their heritage in the paradise of God.

The Sisters of Service need such "pioneer women"—for theirs is the mission to seek out the settler in the West, and to bring to him the consolations of religion, to save him for Christ. The number who have responded to this call is so

pitifully few. They need vocations badly. Surely the flower of Canada's young womanhood cannot remain indifferent to this opportunity "for God and Country." Thousands have gone from the East to settle upon the prairies for material advantage. Shall our Eastern girls be less generous when it comes to spiritual things? Has the spirit of "the pioneer woman" departed? What is your answer?

HUNGRY!

HAVE you ever seen a really hungry child? A child so hungry that it would pick scraps from the floor or garbage and devour them ravenously? It would indeed be a hard-hearted person who could stand aloof and make no effort to relieve such distress. Yet this is only physical starvation. On our Western prairies there are hundreds of children whose baptized souls are slowly perishing for lack of even the crumbs of spiritual nourishment. How is it that we Catholics in the East, with our abundance of spiritual riches, can be so indifferent to the soul-hunger of these little ones? Is not the life of the soul more valuable than the sustenance of the body? One of our Sisters has given us a touching pen-picture of the eagerness with which these children receive the Bread of religious truth into their starving souls.

"It was all so new to me, and I was continually marvelling at the wonderful attention the children gave. I'm sure no missionary, even in his most enthusiastic dreams, ever thought of coming into contact with souls so eager to hear the Word of God and of His Church. We gave them just plain catechism for two hours and a half—nothing the least bit dressed up. If people in the East only realized the situation, they would surely be shaken out of their lethargy and do something to help, or even come themselves. Last Fall we covered a distance of 40 or 50 miles and came in contact with at least one hundred and fifty children. If we succeed in teaching them a few hymns and the principles of being made for God, it is about all that can be accomplished in the time and with the personnel at our disposal. It is so edifying to see how grateful they are for these crumbs of spirituality. They drink in the instructions like parched flowers in a desert. The pity of it is that they can get so little of this heavenly moisture.

"Both parents and children are eager to do everything they can to help us while we are teaching catechism among them. One day Sister and I got stuck in the snow about a mile and a half from the school in which we were to teach. We walked to the building, only to find it locked, and the teacher away in the city. We danced "The Muffin Man" to keep warm, while the children walked a mile down the road to get the key from the janitor, but he was not at home. So we decided to go back to the car and teach in one of their homes. We arrived at the home and took the class of fourteen into the front room. Lunch was the first thing to be attended to, and afterwards we taught the children Christmas carols, the first snow making things look very 'Christmassy.' Then we taught catechism until 3.30, when the lady of the house insisted on taking us all to the kitchen for cocoa and hot cakes. We left about 4.30, leaving them all very happy and anxious for our return the next Saturday."

THE DOLLAR YOU HAVE IS THE DOLLAR YOU GIVE.

Notes and Comments

PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!

At the beginning of the present year the world expected startling pronouncements from the Holy Father in his Christmas message. World conditions had become more acute; all eyes were turned to the Vatican.

And the White Shepherd remained silent. Bewildered as it were by the confusion of conflicting national interests the Holy Father gave to the world this one message: Pray, pray, pray!

There are indeed times and conditions in life when all human means seem to fail and our only help must come from God through prayer. Looking over the great need of the Church in our Home Mission Field and knowing how inadequate are the means in the hands of bishops, priests, brothers and nuns, we are tempted to say like the Holy Father: Pray, pray, pray!

G. D.

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THE PRICE OF BEAUTY.

Thomas L. Williams, an eye cosmetics manufacturer, told a divisional meeting of the American Cosmeticians Association that women will spend \$2,000,000,000 in 1934 for cosmetics and beauty service. He said his figure represented \$500,000,000 over the 1933 beauty aid expenditures. He added that the industry as a whole was already enjoying from 15 to 20 per cent more business than it was a year ago this time.

\$2,000,000,000 for beauty service . . . for a beauty that will fade away like the flowers in the field . . . for a beauty that death will surely destroy! . . . And how much will be spent for the beauty of the soul . . . of that soul which will never die? How true values are misunderstood!

G. D.

* * *

HOW IT CAN BE DONE.

We often wonder how in these difficult times a missionary endeavour like ours, without any fixed revenue, can maintain itself and even progress. This is made possible by the effort, often unknown but persevering and tenacious, of multitudes of individual Catholics conscious of their responsibilities to Mother Church.

G. D.

"WE DO OUR PART".

The eyes of the world are focused on the present economic experiment of the United States. The Blue Eagle is the symbol of that National Recovery Act; and its motto is: "We do our part." Every citizen of the great Republic is called upon to do "his bit" in setting the ship of State on a new "keel" and launching it on the high seas of a more evenly divided prosperity.

The mission work of the Church is a continual enactment of a divine "Recovery Act". Mindful of this great obligation we should all be able to say: "We do our part." Everyone is called to do his share in the greatest work of the Church and help her to "recover" souls that are being lost.

He who refuses to "do his part" is a felon and a traitor to Mother Church!

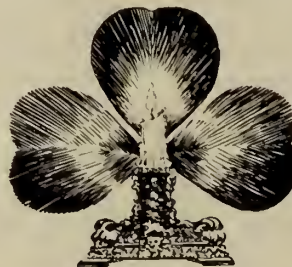
G. D.

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AN INDICTMENT.

The very name of Pius XI's famous letter "Quadragesima anno" . . . "Forty years after"—recalling to the world Pope Leo XIII's letter on the "Condition of Labour" . . . is an indictment of our apathy and inactivity. Forty years . . . and the great teachings of Leo XIII had remained practically a dead letter. Statesmen and philosophers had admired their wisdom, but the rank and file remained unmoved. The world war, the spread of Bolshevism and the universal discontent of the labouring classes have awakened us to the reality. Catholic Action for the promotion of that social justice so strongly and so clearly advocated by Leo XIII and Pius XI will alone save the present-day world from chaos!

G. D.



GOD LOVES US BETTER THAN MEN DO BECAUSE HE KNOWS US BETTER.

MOVIE SUPPORT OR MISSION SUPPORT?

Every week during 1933, it is reported, an average of 60,000,000 persons attended the movies in the United States. This means that, even in times when most of us were careful where we spent our money, more than \$1,000,000,000 was devoted to motion-picture entertainment. The pennies and nickels of Catholic children did much to support an industry which in turn gave back to them very little that was helpful and much that was harmful.

How enlightening it would be to keep a record of the money spent by our Catholic children for the movies and see how it compares with the money they give to the missions? A similar record and comparison would be very disconcerting to many adult Catholics. And the price of admittance to the movies is but one item in the evening's expense account!

(Catholic Mission News)

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CULTURE AND RELIGION.

"We are only just beginning to understand how intimately and profoundly the vitality of a society is bound up with its religion. It is the religious impulse which supplies the cohesive force which unifies a society and a culture. . . in a very real sense the great religions are the foundations on which the great civilizations rest. A society which has lost its religion sooner or later becomes a society which has lost its culture. . .

"A culture is essentially a spiritual community; it transcends the economic and political orders. It finds its appropriate organ not in a state, but in a Church, that is to say a society which is the embodiment of a purely spiritual tradition and which rests not on material power, but on the free adhesion of the individual mind. It has been the peculiar achievement of Western Christianity in the past to realize such an ideal in an organized spiritual society, which could co-exist with the national political units without either absorbing or being absorbed by them.

"The return to this tradition would once more make it possible to reconcile the existence of national independence and political freedom which are an essential part of European life with the wider unity of our civilization and with that higher process of spiritual integration which is the true goal of human progress."

(Christopher Dawson)



ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

AS you probably know, one of the works of the Sisters of Service is the conducting of Hostels for girls in most of the larger Canadian centres. Now most casual observers only get a superficial view of this work, and from that they often question the good there is to be done, and look with something rather akin to pity at the "poor Sisters" who are doomed to spend their lives within Hostel walls. I must confess, however, that I rather shared their sentiments at one time, and from a distance I looked upon a Hostel as a kind of glorified boarding house, and sincerely hoped and prayed that I would never be sent to one. But God, fortunately for us, does not always answer our prayers in the way we want, and one fine day my Superior called me to her and said, "Sister, you have been appointed to — Hostel." My heart sank within me, I gulped down a rising lump in my throat, and tried to look cheerful, but it took a big effort. In a few days, however, things looked different, and I set off to my new Mission resolved to do my best.

Several years have passed since that time, and I have had experience in different parts of the country. I have seen large Hostels, and the smaller Hostels in our Western Cities, and the more I see of them the more the conviction grows that the Hostels are accomplishing great work for God.

An interested friend asked me a short time ago what we did in the Hostels, so here is an outline of a day's work.

Rise, six a.m.! Sleepy? Oh yes, very, sometimes, but always glad to be up and about my Father's business.

Six thirty — Prayers and Meditation. That hour of heart to heart talk with the Heavenly Father which brings strength to meet the daily needs.

"Dear Lord, at early dawn my heart I bring,
Like to a thirsty flower in the Spring,
And I, too, life my eyes to Your dear Face,
And plead for Your all-healing shower of grace
For, without Your sweet Presence, earth would be
Only a barren desert land-- for me."

Then Mass—sometimes in our little Chapel surrounded by the girls, sometimes in the city church, but always the same Mass when we are privileged to make Christ's supreme Sacrifice our own, and to receive the Lord who made us into the depths of our heart.

Breakfast over, the day's work begins. First a girl comes in looking for work. Each Hostel conducts an employment bureau. We may have a suitable position for her, and if so she is sent off to see her prospective employer; or we may not, and if the latter is the case a few words of encouragement are spoken, and she is registered for any suitable work that may come in.

The 'phone rings. I pick up the receiver. Mrs. So and So is sick, can you send someone around at once to help with the housework, and look after the children. Of course we can, and a girl is soon on the way.

Tragedy.

Then a knock at the door, and an elderly woman comes in almost shamefacedly. She begins to talk, and before her tale is half told one realizes that this is one of life's tragedies—a woman used to the good things of the world, suddenly thrown out upon her own resources—penniless, and alone. "Could you find me some work to do?" she asks pleadingly. Though she had never worked before, she is in such dire straits now that she is willing to try anything. But we, knowing how impossible it is to find work for a woman of her

ONE MUST BE GENEROUS TO RECEIVE FAVOURS GENEROUSLY.

age, can only pray that we may be able to say and do something that will make her lot easier.

The Depression is responsible for many hard things, but perhaps there is nothing more tragic than the elderly man or woman unequipped to fight life's battles, thrown out into the world without any means of support.

Our next visitor is a man who explains in broken English that his daughter "she very bad, she dance all night, she sleep all day, and she no work," could we do something to check her in her wild career? Like many a youngster of eighteen, the great white lights of the city have dazzled her, and lack of suitable employment has left her hands idle—a ready prey to Satan's wiles. We talk to the poor father, and urge great patience and forbearance on his part, and promise that we will do all we can for his little girl; and then when he has gone we write a little letter to Maria, asking her to come and see us. If only we can get her interested in the Club activities they may prove an antidote to the poison that is entering her system.

Ships That Pass in the Night.

One of our Sisters brings in a foreign woman with her two little boys. They are going out West, and have a few hours to spend before making train connections. The woman cannot speak English, and we cannot speak Polish, but the language of smiles punctuated with signs is understood, and brings forth in reply more smiles, and some very expressive signs that we interpret as meaning:

1. We are dirty and want to wash.
2. We are hungry and want to eat.
3. We are tired and want to rest.

We attend to their needs, and then before departure we take the little trio up to our chapel. There, kneeling on the floor, with hands clasped, and eyes tightly shut, the little ones say their prayers with their mother's help. We watch them, and pray, too, that the Faith now so brightly burning may remain enkindled to light up their lives. In the evening we put them on the train, and as we watch them pass out of our lives we murmur "God be with you."

Bad News.

The mail brings us a letter from a heart-broken mother in Ireland asking us to break the news to her daughter that her father is dead, and died praying for his little girl so far away in Canada. We call Mary on the 'phone and ask her to come and see us. In a few minutes she comes in almost sensing that something is wrong, and in the gentlest way possible we tell her that God has taken her father home. "My daddy gone," she wails, "and I have been saving up my money for three years to go home and see him, and I was going this summer. We talk to her, but words are vain things on an occasion like

this, so we take her up to the little chapel, and leave her there to be consoled by the One who knows what it is to weep for loved ones, and who alone can fill the void in a mourner's heart.

Six Thousand Miles Alone.

A telegram came this morning announcing the arrival by boat of a little girl of eight traveling from Ireland alone to join her Father in Alberta. One of our Sisters goes down to meet her, and brings her up to the Hostel to spend the day. Her train doesn't depart until evening. When the time comes she is taken to the station, and put on the train; afterwards she is met by our Sisters in Winnipeg and Edmonton. She arrived at her destination safely after a long journey of six thousand miles alone. Alone in one sense, but not in another, for a little child traveling alone is the care of everybody, and officials and travelers alike vie with one another in order to see that the child is happy and well cared for.

Evening Comes!

Evening comes, and the Hostel resounds with merry voices and laughter. Radio, victrola and piano all go at once, but no matter as long as there is a noise. Girls who have been working hard all day must have change and relaxation, and they find it here at the Hostel among friends. Some evenings there are classes for those who wish to improve themselves. Another night it may be a party, moving pictures, or a lecture, but always the same spirit of friendliness and freedom reigns. The Sisters are made partakers of joys and sorrows. Pain, grief, anxiety and worry all find an outlet in the Hostel, and many a young girl alone in a cold world receives the help and sympathy for which her soul craves.

The evening ends, and around Our Lady's Shrine her children kneel to ask God's blessing on themselves, their parents and loved ones:

"Bless us, sweet Saviour, night is come,
Mary and Joseph near us be,
Good angels watch about our home
And keep us always safe with Thee.

The doors close, echos of laughter sound in the distance, and then all is quiet.

Under the Stars.

The day is over, and before going to bed I step outside for a few moments. The giant poplar trees are stirring in the breeze, the sky is studded with stars. The day has been a long one, and full of incidents small and insignificant. Is it worth while? I ask myself, and the Heavens so vast and still seem to give the answer. In the light of Eternity stretching out beyond the furthest star, it is worth while. All has been done for Him. All has been turned into gold by the Midas touch of consecration, and as such is treasured up in Eternity.

S.O.S.

GOOD IS NEVER DONE EXCEPT AT THE EXPENSE OF THOSE WHO DO IT.

BLESSING THE BABIES

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME UNTO ME."

Mother's Day in Montreal.

BABIES everywhere—shy babies, noisy babies, solemn babies with big blue eyes, smiling babies ready to make friends with everyone, sturdy little boys, pretty little girls . . . and then the Mothers! Being a Mother's Day party we should have mentioned the mothers first, but as there were two or three babies to every mother, and they monopolised most of our attention, it seemed to be more of a Baby Day party than a Mother's Day party.

Anyone coming into the Hostel that afternoon would have probably wondered what it was all about. Well, to explain. It was Mothers' Day, a day when all Mothers, both living and dead, are given a place in our memories, and on this day the Sisters of Service in their Hostels invite all their old girls—girls who have passed through their hands in earlier days and who are now married—to come back for a reunion and to bring their babies.

At three o'clock the party started, and by three-thirty the house was full, and one had to walk circumspectly to avoid falling over babies. What exchanges of greetings there were by Mothers who had not seen each other for years. "Do you remember, Mary, the good times we used to have at the old Hostel?" "Why it's seven years since I first came out to Canada" chimes in another. "My, what a lonely little girl I was then, but the Hostel soon got me over that"—and so on. Snatches of conversation float across the room.



Mothers and Babies—Montreal Hostel

mingled with happy laughter, and mothers who are perhaps finding life hard are young, carefree girls again.

And then tea. Big babies sit around the tables while a group of our present Hostel girls look after their needs. Little ones enconced on their mothers' knees solemnly munch cookies, while smaller ones regard the scene with serious eyes while they take their bottles.

After tea all went up to the Chapel, where Reverend Father Murphy, C.S.S.R., was waiting to bless the babies. What a crowd got into that little chapel. We wonder if Our Blessed Lord, looking out from His Tabernacle Home, thought of a scene long ago when He said, "Suffer little Children to come unto Me." Soon the familiar strains of "Sweet Sacrament Divine" broke forth, and the verses were sung to the accompaniment of gurgles and chuckles from the babies which in no way detracted from the beauty and devotion of the hymn. After that Father blessed the babies, spoke a few words to the mothers, and gave to each little one a medal of Our Blessed Mother. The little ceremony concluded with an act of consecration to that Mother—Mother of all Mothers—who must have looked down with loving kindness upon the little group gathered about her Shrine.

And then such a bustle as the preparations started for the homeward journey. Little coats and hats to be found, good-byes to be said. At last all are ready, and we watch them go, babies starting to get sleepy, mothers happy, and as the sound of their voices fade away in the distance we realize perhaps a little more what the Hostels have done, and are still doing for the young girls who frequent them.

S.M.M., S.O.S.

Father Daly Blesses Toronto Babies.

IN Toronto, too, a large number of our hostel girls who have married since coming to this country, brought their children to receive the blessing of the priest. The ceremony took place in the Mother House chapel, and was conducted by the Rev. Father Daly, C.S.S.R. The chapel was filled to overflowing with mothers and babies.

Benediction was given first, a few of the infants giving their own version of the "O Solutaris" and "Tantum Ergo." After Benediction Father gave an instructive talk to the mothers, during which he was assisted by some infantile would-be orators. Then came the blessing of

EARTHLY SORROWS ARE THE ROOTS OF HEAVENLY JOYS.



Mothers and Babies—Toronto Hostel.

the babies, each child receiving a medal on a blue ribbon in commemoration of the event.

At the conclusion of the religious ceremony the mothers and children were entertained in the hostel grounds. Refreshments were served and a few pleasant hours passed in the renewing of old acquaintances.

These young mothers, so proudly exhibiting their children, are our girls of yesterday. They all came to us from the "Old Country" within the last few years. Occasions like these prove that although now happily married, with homes of their own, they still have a soft spot in their hearts for their first "home" in Canada, and remember with gratitude those early days

when the Sisters were their only friends in a strange country.

ALONG THE CARIBOO TRAIL

TWO of our Sisters have started on a catechetical tour which will take them to various settlements in the Cariboo district. These missions are under the care of Rev. A. L. McIntyre, and he has arranged the Sisters' itinerary so as to obtain the best results possible from their contact with the parents and children of this widely-scattered district.

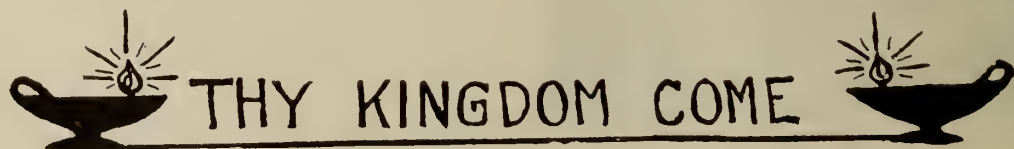
In our next issue we expect to have details of these mission journeyings, but so far we have only news of the beginning of their tour. Sister writes:

"There is a great spirit of hospitality among these mountain people. We have met with much kindness all along the way. The roads over which we travelled were very narrow and most irregular. They were also very high, right on the edge of the Fraser Canyon and close in to the foot of the mountain, but they were in good condition, so there was no real danger. Our first stop was at Lytton, about 180 miles from Vancouver. While there we visited a lady whom Sister D. had met on the train. She welcomed us warmly and gave us several jars of fruit. Later we visited her daughter, who keeps

a bake shop, and for fifteen cents we got enough buns and cakes to last us a week.

"We visited a garage to get some gas and while the man was looking after things Sister whispered to me: "I think he is a Jew," but on entering into conversation with him we discovered he was a good Italian Catholic. When he learned what sort of work we were doing he gave us 50c. He said he thought he was going to die soon because he was getting kinder every day.

"On the way to Clinton we stopped beside a clearing to have our lunch. A lady from a nearby house came over and told us we were welcome. We began to talk with her and soon discovered that she should be a Catholic. Her mother was Catholic, but her father was a staunch Protestant, and when they came West they were associated with the Protestant side of the family, who didn't approve of their being Catholic. She had married a non-Catholic, but was married by the priest. She had no Catholic friends, and no one to encourage her to go to Church, and she had not been to Mass for a long time. When we were leaving she gave us a quarter and asked us to light some candles in a church for her. We promised to pray for her, left her a rosary, and proceeded on our way.



OUR NEED IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

MISSION NOTES

Montreal. In the month of May the girls of Montreal Hostel held a very successful drug shower in aid of our Western missions. The result was that two trunks, filled with drugs and medicaments of every description, were shipped to the west, where their contents will be of immense benefit to the many sick poor with whom our Sisters come in contact.

Halifax. On this Mission the Sisters are planning to teach catechism during the summer months along the Atlantic seaboard. Evidently our catechetical missionary work is not to be confined to the West.

Toronto. On May 24th, 25th and 26th a Retreat was preached to our hostel girls by the Rev. Father Keogh, C.S.S.R. The exercises were conducted in our Convent chapel at 2 Wellesley Place, and the attendance was indeed gratifying, there being about 130 girls present each evening.

On Sunday, the 27th, the annual May Procession was held, the girls marching through the Convent and hostel grounds, singing favourite hymns to Our Lady. Beautiful banners, white dresses and veils, fragrance of flowers, lent the usual charm to this beautiful ceremony. An exquisite shrine had been erected in the grounds. On reaching this the Procession halted and one of the girls crowned Our Lady's statue with a wreath of flowers. Rev. Father Keogh then gave an address on the reason for and necessity of devotion to Mary, after which an Act of Consecration to Our Lady was recited by all. The ceremony was closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



May Procession—Toronto Hostel.

Ottawa. The Children of Mary Sodality which has been formed recently among the girls of Ottawa hostel promises to be a real centre of interest. About 20 girls are already enrolled, and several more are expected to join the Sodality shortly. On Sunday, May 27th, these girls took part as a Unit in the Corpus Christi Procession held through the streets by members of St. Bridget's Parish.



The Newly-formed Children of Mary Sodality—Ottawa.

Edmonton. The Catechetical House is closed for the summer and the Sisters are on catechism tours in the surrounding districts. We hope to have an account of their experiences in our next issue.

Camp Morton. During the month of May Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given every evening in the Church at Camp Morton. On the last evening of the month there was a Procession, the girls wearing white veils and the boys carrying candles. A girl crowned the statue of Our Blessed Mother and a boy read the Act of Consecration. Immediately after this ceremony nineteen girls were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary, with Sister F. as directress. There was also a Corpus Christi Procession at this mission. The line of march was from the S.O.S. chapel to Monsignor Morton's Castle. Altars to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph had been erected along the way and a large number took part in the Procession. A unique feature was fifteen horses, decorated for the occasion, whose riders kept the Procession in order.

Our Camp Morton mission was recently honoured by a visit from Bishop Ladyka, the Ukrainian Bishop of Canada. His Excellency was accompanied by his Secretary and Monsignor Morton. Before leaving the Bishop thanked the Sisters for their work among his people and hoped they would continue their missionary labours through the coming years.

THINGS HAVE NO VALUE BUT WHAT THEY ARE WORTH IN GOD'S SIGHT.



1834 — TORONTO'S CENTENARY — 1934

TORONTO is en fête. The whole city is vibrant with the enthusiasm of celebration, for this year she rejoices in the completion of her first century of existence. A hardy old Easterner, when being congratulated on the attainment of his hundredth birthday, remarked: "Well, there's one thing certain. I'm much stronger now than when I started on my first hundred years."

That Toronto may justly make the same boast as the old centenarian cannot be doubted by any one who reads of the insignificant beginning of the city in 1834 and contrasts it with Toronto of to-day—the beautiful Queen City of Canada.

As Catholics, we are gratified to note that the growth of the Church has kept pace with the growth of the city. In 1834, when Toronto, then known as "Muddy Little York," was incorporated as a city, there was only one Catholic Church to serve the needs of the Catholic population—St. Paul's, built in 1822.

In 1841 the newly-made Bishop Michael Power chose Toronto as his episcopal see, thus elevating the city to the dignity of a diocese. From 1841 to 1848 St. Paul's Church was the pro-Cathedral of the diocese. From the beginning of his episcopate Bishop Power felt the need of a suitable Cathedral Church, for the Catholic population, keeping pace with the expansion of the city, had outgrown St. Paul's. The present site of St. Michael's was bought for £1,800, and excava-

tions begun in April, 1845. On May 8th the corner-stone was laid by the Bishop himself, but when the Cathedral was consecrated in 1848 the Bishop was in his grave. In attending a dying immigrant stricken with typhus fever, he caught the infection and went to his eternal rest amid the respectful homage of all classes of the population.

Bishop de Charbonnel succeeded Bishop Power in 1850 and it is to his persistent advocacy that Catholics owe their Separate Schools. During his tenure of office on May 1st, 1851, five Christian Brothers were installed in Toronto. These devoted sons of St. John de la Salle have, to the advantage of growing generations ever since been in charge of the Toronto Separate Schools. In October of the same year the Sisters of St. Joseph started work in the city—four Sisters coming from Philadelphia to take care of the poor. This was the mustard seed of charity which, grown to a goodly tree, has now spread its branches over the Ontario Province.



Toronto Waterfront—1934.

—Courtesy of C.P.R.

GOD REQUIRES OF NO MAN MORE THAN HE HAS PUT IN HIS POWER TO GIVE.

Bishop J. J. Lynch came to Toronto Diocese in 1860, and ten years later was named as Archbishop of the ecclesiastical province of Toronto, which included the Sees of Kingston, Hamilton and London. Archbishop John Walsh succeeded in 1888, and in his time St. Michael's Hospital was established and the cathedral was improved and adorned. He died in 1898 to be succeeded by Archbishop O'Connor. Then came Archbishop McEvay, 1908-1910, and following him the recently deceased Archbishop McNeil, whose fine spirit and shining ability drew to himself the affection of all citizens.

The passing years have witnessed a steady growth of Catholicity. This was magnificently demonstrated some weeks ago when over 5,000 Catholic Children, pupils of the Toronto Separate Schools, staged an historical pageant—"The Old Home Town and How It Grew"—in honour of Toronto's Centenary. No one who witnessed this brilliant and colorful performance could fail to be impressed by the splendid promise for the future embodied in such a gathering of Catholic Youth. Five thousand healthy and intelligent boys and girls, all attending our Catholic schools, and being trained by zealous teachers to be worthwhile Catholic Canadian men and women of tomorrow! Truly such a spectacle might well fill us with hope for the future of the Church in Toronto!

S.O.S.

APPRECIATION.

The following extracts are from a letter received from the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Mercy Hospital for Incurables:

"We are very grateful for the several copies of your little magazines, April number, which we have distributed to our patients in the Mercy Hospital. It contains much welcome news concerning your home missionary work. The cover is a work of art and the colour scheme and design is a delight to the eye and a satisfaction to the mind in its nation-wide interest. From cover to cover it holds the reader's attention.

The generous and devoted service which you give to the great work of spreading the Faith, instructing the ignorant and the young, and planting seeds of religion where they will bring forth abundant harvest cannot but be blessed by God and rewarded as He alone can."

From a priest of the Western Missions comes the following tribute to the work of our Sisters in his territory:

"The Sisters of Service are doing real Christian work and I am very proud of them. It is unfortunate that they were not founded earlier, for the face of this district would have changed earlier also. If there be any Christianity in my parochial territory it is due, in the main, to your Community. This I say in full truth and just barely stating the truth."

THE PATH OF PRAYER IS THE KING'S HIGHWAY TO HEAVEN.

A DOUBLE JUBILEE.

The Right Reverend Alexander MacDonald, Titular Bishop of Hebron, has this year had the happy privilege of celebrating two Jubilees, March 8th being the Golden Anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood and January 3rd the Silver Jubilee of his episcopal consecration.

Bishop MacDonald has been a consistent friend of the Sisters of Service ever since the inception of our Community. We have always felt that in him we have a loyal and devoted patron of our missionary work. It is, therefore, a great pleasure to avail ourselves of this opportunity to offer His Excellency our sincerest congratulations on having passed two such memorable milestones on life's highway.



"Fifty years lifting the chalice—

Ah, 'tis Life in this death-darkened land!

Thy clasp may be weak, but the chrism,

Old priest, that anointed thy hand

Is as fresh and as strong in its virtue

As in the five decades ago,

Thy young hands were touched with its unction

And thy vestments of white were put on."

—Father Ryan.

SOME THINGS CANADA HAS DONE.

Built and demonstrated the first submarine telegraph.

Originated the telephone and the first long distance call.

Originated the making of paper from pulp-wood.

Built and demonstrated the first railway sleeping cars.

Built the first electric stove.

Originated the idea of electric heating.

Originated Marquis wheat and other more recent varieties which vastly extended the wheat industry.

Discovered and developed the use of insulin in the treatment of diabetes.

Developed production and liquification of helium.

Organized the Junior Red Cross, Women's Institutes, etc.

Formed the first confederation plan.



THE FIELD AFAR

SPREADING THE FAITH IN SUNLIT ISLES

SPARKLING on the broad bosom of the Atlantic—emerald jewels set in sapphire sea—lie the beautiful Bahama Islands. Nassau, the capital city of these islands, is well known to both Canadians and Americans as an ideal winter resort. A glimpse at the activities of the Church in these isles of sunshine should be interesting to all Catholics who have at heart the propagation of the Faith.

Many years ago a certain clergyman remarked: "When I first entered Nassau harbour I thought I had entered Paradise, for never had I seen Nature so prodigal of her charms, but I had not been on the island two weeks when I discovered it was a hell on earth."

This was a strong statement and probably a trifle exaggerated, yet true enough to sadden the heart of any fervent missionary. So the islands were taken under the spiritual jurisdiction of New York and in the year 1888 the Sisters of Charity began missionary work there. For some years the religious interests of both Sisters and converts were looked after by visiting priests, but in 1891 the islands were given over to the spiritual care of the Benedictine Fathers of St. John's Abbey, Minn.

At first the spread of the Faith was slow and discouraging. Many obstacles had to be surmounted and deep-rooted prejudices overcome. However, within the past seven or eight years the Church has made extraordinary progress among the native coloured population, and it seems that the years of toil expended so generously by the early apostolic labourers are at last beginning to bear fruit. In 1932 the Bahamas were raised to the dignity of a

Prefecture-Apostolic, in charge of the Right Reverend Bernard Kevenhorster, O.S.B. The Bishop is assisted in his task by a zealous staff of missionary Fathers from St. John's Abbey.

The growth of the Church in recent years may be realized when we consider that in 1927 there were only two Catholic mission churches in Nassau, whereas there are now six, and even these are insufficient to accommodate the steadily-growing congregations.

In connection with the churches there are schools conducted by the Sisters; since 1927 the staff of Sisters has more than doubled itself, having increased from eight to twenty. These fervent missionary daughters of Mother Seton have under their care over a thousand coloured children, and they are devoting all their energies to the training of these "black diamonds" in the ways of true religion and civilization. A small academy for the benefit of the white children resident on the island is also conducted by the Sisters.



Father Arnold's Pets—Nassau, Bahamas.

The Faith is also spreading to other islands of the group. The island of Andros, inhabited solely by natives, is now almost entirely Catholic. On Harbour Island, where twelve years ago there was not a single Catholic, there is a flourishing parish under the patronage of the Blessed Sacrament. On this island the Sisters conduct two schools—one for white children and one for coloured. The priest resident at Harbour Island takes care of two missions on the nearby island of Eleuthera. Last, but not least, there are two Catholic mission stations on San Salvador, the island on which Columbus first set foot when he discovered the New World. It is the dearest wish

HOLINESS DEPENDS LESS UPON WHAT WE DO THAN HOW WE DO IT.

of the Bahamian missionaries that some day a Catholic San Salvador may be a living monument to the great Catholic explorer.

As is to be expected, the Benedictine Fathers are laying great stress on an intelligent understanding of the Liturgy. Instructions are given frequently on the Mass and other liturgical ceremonies, and the Mass is answered in common by the congregation. There is also congregational singing—strictly Gregorian—and in most of the churches the High Mass is sung with no accompaniment save the sighing of the soft breezes through the coconut palms that wave their graceful branches in adoration beside wide-open doors and windows.

Saving the Babies!

An interesting branch of the work in Nassau is the Madonna Nursery. Most of the married native women work out by the day—from seven in the morning until sunset. The older children would go to school, but the younger ones would be left at home to get in or out of mischief—mostly in. To meet this situation the Madonna Nursery was opened a few years ago. Here the babies are left in the morning and called for in the evening—a sort of human checking station.

The Sister in charge is a trained nurse and besides watching solicitously over the tiny tots under her daily care, she is constantly giving valuable advice and practical assistance to the mothers. Here is an interesting extract from a letter written by a tourist who visited the Madonna Nursery during the past season:

"M. and I arrived at the Nursery during the afternoon nap. Silence everywhere! We wondered if we had come to the right place. Surely there were no children here! Cautiously we peeped in an open window. There lay the explanation. The floor, covered with native straw mats, was dotted all over with the dark, woolly heads of Nassau's future cooks and sponge-fishers—sizes two to six.

As we gazed silently at this unique spectacle, a bell tinkled somewhere. The charm of stillness was broken. One by one the ebon sleeping beauties awoke, as if touched by a magic wand. Two lying just beneath our window looked up at us with solemn eyes.

We stooped over and whispered: "What is your name?"

"Zachariah and Jeremiah!" was the answer. They were about four years old. The size of the names in comparison with the size of the infants was



Nassau's Future Cooks and Sponge-fishers.

too much for us. We retired from the window to hide our smiles.

The bell tinkled again and we returned immediately, not wishing to miss anything. At the sound of the bell each tiny tot picked up its own little pillow; then the ninety of them marched in quiet, orderly procession into the next room, each carrying his or her pillow to its proper place. A wonderful example of what can be done in the way of early training, even with such material!

Then Sister C., the presiding genius of the place, saw us and showed us the building. First we saw the little ones getting their dinner, a substantial meal of meat and vegetables. We never saw anything more engaging than those rows of tiny "Chocolate drops," each intent on eating everything on the plate before it. Then we saw the play-rooms, amply supplied with toys for both girls and boys; the wide verandahs, with their comfortable swings and chairs; the fully-equipped medicine supply chest, and we couldn't help marvelling at the thoughtful care given to each detail."

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

Pope Pius XI is rightly known as the Pope of the Missions. Here are the results of his ten years' Missionary Pontificate:

New Mission territories opened up—over 130.
Conversions from paganism—over 6,000,000.
Increase in priests—2,374, of whom 908 are natives.
Increase in small seminaries—130.
Yearly increase of native church students—2,000.
Increase of catechists—39,318.
Increase of other lay-workers—12,022.
Increase of missionary orders of men—17.
Increase of missionary orders of women—110.
Increase of schools—11,587 (pupils, 687,907).
Increase of orphanages—244.
Increase of hospitals—90.
Increase of dispensaries—436.

The Holy Father strains every resource at his disposal to extend the influence of the Church in pagan countries. He dispenses no one from the duty of co-operation. He knows well that the vitality of the Catholic Faith at home depends on the support given to the missions. Whether in nations, as after the Reformation, or in Holland in our own day, or in religious congregations or in parishes the principle is established. There is no full Catholic life where the vision is narrower than that of the full Catholic Church.

IROQUOIS DESCENDANT TO BE MADE PRIEST.

The first descendant of the Iroquois tribe of the Caughnawaga Reservation, near Montreal, to receive ecclesiastical orders in the Catholic Church was raised to the rank of sub-deacon, on May 14, by the Most Rev. E. A. Deschamps, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal. He is Michel Jacobs, a member of the Society of Jesus in his third year of theology. He will be ordained to the priesthood some time in August.

A HEART WITHOUT SUFFERING IS LIKE A WORLD WITHOUT REVELATION.



Attention, Young People!

CHILDREN'S PAGES

My dear Young
Missionaries:

I've been thinking all morning! All on one subject, too. And if any of you think it's an easy thing to think on one subject for a whole morning, just try it!

These serious thoughts were about my Young Missionaries and our motto: "All for Thee, O Christ the King." I was wondering how many real-

ly understand what it means to live up to this beautiful motto. So I decided it would be a good subject for my letter this month.

ALL—a small word, isn't it? Yet it embraces everything—our words, thoughts, deeds, affections, duties and pleasures. I am sure every Young Missionary makes the Morning Offering to the Sacred Heart. But how often we steal from the offering! Every time we are unkind, or selfish, or disagreeable, we are traitors to our motto. When we speak a biting word, choose the best for ourselves, or insist on having our own way in trifles that involve no principle, can we look up at our Great Captain and say: "All for Thee, O Christ the King!" Would it not be more truthful to say: "A few things for Thee, O Christ the King, but there are many things I shall keep for myself."

Oh, yes, it is easy enough to say "All for Thee, O Christ the King." Words are cheap—they cost nothing. The test comes when we are called on to *live* our motto. If we are true to its inner meaning, it will bring us very, very close to Jesus, and every word we speak, every action we perform, yes, even every breath we draw, will be all for Him.

My dear Young Missionaries, I want each one of you to be conscious of our motto every hour of the day. It is our war-cry in the fight against all that is evil. Repeat it over and over — *and mean it.*

Most of you are enjoying your holidays now, after a period of strenuous study. I hope your summer vacation will be a time of pleasant, healthful recreation, but don't forget that your play as well as your study must be "All for Thee, O Christ the King!" with the accent on ALL.

The Captain, Y.M.C.K.

Y.M.C.K. CLUB NOTES.

Toronto. The Toronto Club has been very active in securing clothing for the poor missions. They also collected Catholic literature to be distributed among isolated settlers in the far West.

We were delighted to receive a picture of the members of this Club. It is too bad the photographer was so inconsiderate as to almost behead three Young Missionaries. Apart from that, we like the picture, and we know all the other Y.M.C.K. will be interested in seeing what the Toronto members look like.

Toronto Young Missionaries.



Back row, left to right—Alice Kelly, Monica Hilton, Madeline Donovan.
Second row—Norah Payne, Roma Russell, Stevella Nealon, Ernestine Wilson, Doreen Wilson.
Front row—Mary Shanahan, Marie Kelly, Betty Nealon, Eleanor Shanahan.

* * *

Quebec. In a letter from the President we learn that the Quebec Club has a framed picture of Christ the King and that they say a prayer to our Great Captain before starting their meetings. This is a splendid idea and we hope the other Clubs will follow this good example.

* * *

PRAYERS WANTED.

Many of our Sisters will be on catechism tours during the summer months. They will be doing their utmost to teach the truths of our Holy Faith to large numbers of children in a very short time. We ask every Young Missionary to pray every day that God will bless the efforts of the Sisters to awaken in the hearts of these little ones an abiding love for God and loyalty to Mother Church.

SUFFERING IS THE COINAGE BY WHICH WE PURCHASE STRENGTH.

THE TEST.

Three or four hours of train riding had resulted in a headache that made reading a mortification and writing an impossibility. So instead of studying characters hidden between the leaves of a book, I decided to interest myself in the varieties of living personalities about me.

Surely nowhere in the world does one meet such a cosmopolitan assembly of human beings as in the day coach of a train running between our great cities. In the seat ahead of me a man had stretched himself as comfortably as his long length would allow, and looked as though he would easily sleep through the next 24 hours if no one disturbed him. Behind me two middle-aged ladies were engaged in an animated discussion as to the relative merits of Montreal and Toronto. Away down at the far end of the car I heard sounds of distress. Some one was train sick! I turned my attention resolutely in another direction.

It was then that I saw them—a mother and six-year-old daughter—occupying the seat across from me. Evidently the child was not well, for her head was resting on a pillow, while her little legs hung over the edge of the seat—not a very easy position.

At the moment I looked the mother leaned tenderly over the little one. "Annie, darling," she whispered, "you'll be ever so much more comfortable if you put your feet up on the seat. Mother can sit in the empty place behind while you rest nicely."

The child opened her eyes—deepest azure they were—and looked lovingly up at her mother. "Oh, no!" she said, "I rather not be comfortable and have you stay with me."

"All right, darling, I'll stay." There was a little break in the voice and surely a suspicious moisture in the sweet gray eyes of the mother, but I turned my own eyes away then. It was not a scene for outsiders.

I had received food for thought to the end of the journey, and no more need to bother my aching head with printed words. What a magnificent proof of true devotion! "I rather not be comfortable and have you stay with me." That baby's words will sound in my ears for many a day. Measured by such standards, how much true affection would we find among our friends? What is more important, how much are we willing to give? Most of us love to have our friends around when they minister to our comfort and happiness. When their presence causes discomfort or interferes with our plans we often wish they were not there. Our affection is selfish. It could not bear measurement by the standards of the little girl on the train.

I thought, too, of the devotion we profess for our greatest Friend—the Sacred Heart. Can we honestly say in His regard: "I'd rather not be

comfortable and have You with me." Is our love for Him as unselfish and disinterested as that little child's for her mother? If so, it means we will never consider our own comfort when He asks something disagreeable of us. When He takes us to Gethsemane and our hearts are crushed, can we say: "I'd rather be here suffering with You than elsewhere without You."

Our love is measured by what we are willing to sacrifice in order to be near the loved one. Are we ready to suffer every discomfort rather than lose the sweet Presence of Christ? This was the test of the love of a little child and—"of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS, JUNIORS!

The younger brothers and sisters of the members of the Toronto Y.M.C.K. Club have decided that their seniors are not to have the whole missionary field to themselves. So they have organized a Junior Y.M.C.K. Club.

It is some time since we have had news that pleased us so much, for we are convinced that one cannot start being a missionary too early in life.

There are ten members of this new Club. Miss Sheila Cassidy, 86 Stratheona Avenue, is the President, and Miss Margaret Paterson, 46 Stratheona Avenue, is the Secretary. We know that all our Young Missionaries will join us in congratulating these enterprising Juniors and in wishing them every success in their efforts to help the missions of Christ the King.

* * *

QUEBEC YOUNG MISSIONARIES.

As we were ready for press, along came a very nice picture of Quebec Y.M.C.K. All the members are not in this group, but we hope to get a complete picture later.



Back row, left to right—Margaret Deakin, Jeanette Molloy, Rita Ferguson, Mary Deakin, Rita Corcoran. Front row—Bertha Arteau, Joan Conway, Lillian Sunderland, Drusilla Hewitt, Isabella Molloy.

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Silver for Souls*

Donations—November 1st, 1933, to June 1st, 1934

\$150.00. D. & M. \$100.00. Mrs. Wm. MaManamy. \$75.00 Lenten Alms, St. Catharine's Church. \$39.00. A Friend. 30.00. Rev. Fr. Brunet. \$26.00. Ina Larkin. \$25.00. Charles Gillooly. L. C. F. \$21.18. Bequest—Thomas Quinn. \$20.00. Mrs. E. B. Finucan. Children of Mary, Quebec. Rose Sehl. Mary Black. \$17.15. Mrs. R. Mackell. \$15.00. Mrs. Guest. Loretta Martin. K. Cassidy. Sacred Heart Convent, London. \$12.00. C.C.S.M.C., Halifax. \$11.00. Mrs. B. MacDonald. Rev. Fr. O'Donnell, C.Ss.R. \$10.00. Rev. J. J. O'Leary. Annie MacMaster. Children of Mary, Toronto. C.W.L., Kitchener. Rev. P. F. Nicholson. C. McNeil. Miss M. McDonald. Mrs. E. Dolan. C.Ss.R. Juniorate. Rev. D. H. Higgins, C.Ss.R. Rev. J. H. MacDonald. \$9.00. Rev. C. P. Levesque, C.Ss.R. \$8.59. Rev. Fr. McGrath. \$7.00. Mrs. Mangan. \$6.00. Monastery, St. Anne de Beaupre. Annie Palmer. Margaret Murphy. Mrs. Hayes. Anon. \$5.20. Rev. Fr. Brennan. \$5.15. John C. Malone.	\$5.00. Students Mission Crusade, Ottawa. Mrs. J. A. Langmuir. Miss E. Gagnier. Mrs. E. Whitton. Rev. P. Walsh. Mrs. M. Kirkham. A. McEntee. Crusade Unit, Hamilton. Sir Chas. Fitzpatrick. Mona McConnell. Rev. A. K. McIntyre, V.G. Rev. Fr. Egan. P. Wheeler. Margaret Fitzpatrick. Rev. Fr. M. T. J. O'Brien. St. Peter's School. Rev. G. F. Prance. Katherine C. Maher. Anon. P. H. Bartley. Rev. F. P. Carrol. Alumni C.N.D. B. Smyth. Rev. J. A. Mogan. Rev. Fr. Journault, C.Ss.R. Mrs. Alfred Marchillon. Dr. James McKenty. M. A. Bohan. J. Patenaude. Rev. Fr. Mangan, C.Ss.R. \$4.00. K. Murphy. John Byrne. Mary Hunt. G. F. Mason \$3.00. Rev. Fr. Hobson. M. Carberry. Geo. Doege. Miss L. Dooley. Rev. J. J. Durmin. Mother St. Martin of Tours. Rev. Fr. Toomey. Beatrice M. Caverly. Rev. Fr. Corrigan. Rev. Fr. M. Brossman. C.N.D., Antigonish.	\$2.00. Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal. Eileen O'Neill. R. Hickey. Mrs. Shea. Fr. B. Malone. Mrs. Muldoon. Mrs. P. Doyle. Rev. W. L. Heynan. Sisters of Charity, Toledo. Mrs. J. Riordan. St. Michael's College. S.S. Jean Baptiste de La Salle. Mrs. Jacob Miller. K. McBriarty. Anon. Mrs. T. Brennan. Mrs. J. Locke. Rev. J. Toner, C.Ss.R. \$1.00. Sacred Heart Mission Unit, Montreal. Mary Deakin. Teresa Flick. Mrs. P. Griffin. Otto Baer. Rev. J. Carrigan. Anon. Phyllis Ryan. Sisters of St. Martha. Mabel Kitts. Dime Savers \$1.00. Irene Swindell. Rev. Fr. Wedlock. J. J. MacDonnell. Capucian Fathers. Very Rev. A. P. Mahoney, V.G. Rev. Fr. P. A. Bray. Anon. Rev. Fr. Elliott. Anon. Kate Moore.	Rt. Rev. Fr. J. F. Stanley. A Friend. J. H. Corcoran. Rev. Fr. Dugal. Mrs. M. McNichol. Pete Hegy. Mrs. M. Coudreville. Anon. Mrs. J. R. Elliott. Rev. Father Webb. Brother Marcellus. Mrs. G. Mulrooney. Mrs. H. F. Roesler. Rev. Fr. Rector, St. Anne de Chenes. St. Rita's School. J. Pearson. W. P. Weber. Mrs. Chas. Featherstone. Mrs. A. Weir. Sister M. Mercedes. M. J. Buck. Thomas Berne. Mrs. M. Edwards. Hotel Dieu Hospital. Mrs. Herriott. Anon. Mrs. H. Somers. Mary Layde. Jeanette Leriger. Eileen M. Petersen. Meagher Children. Mrs. O. Griffin. Miss S. McKay. Miss G. Gayuen. Sisters of St. Joseph, Port Arthur. Darcy McGee School. Mary D. Mulrooney. Nellie Heffernan. Helen M. Crowley. Grace Rankins. Rev. J. C. O'Rourke. Miss Gladys Morris. Miss Irene Carter. Catherine Burgess. Annie G. Duggan. Mrs. Simon. Patricia Power. Miss Anita Legere. Miss S. M. Hicks. Margaret Carrier. Mrs. T. J. Kavanaugh.	Mrs. Wm. Johnson. J. M. Bennett. Frank B. Brunner. T. L. Carroll. B. J. Stafford. Effie Legere. Miss M. L. Boiteau. Rev. W. Hopper. Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Raphaels. N. O'Neill. Bride Stringer. Beatrice Walker. Rev. John C. Cody. Anon. Mrs. Thomas Keane. Ben Tighe. Rev. Fr. Gough. Miss Kate Brown. Margaret R. MacDonald. Mrs. J. D. O'Mullin. M. & K. Gunnip. C.S.M.C.S., Metaghan. Mrs. F. J. Topp. H. L. Godin. Miss F. Mullins. Miss A. White. Rev. Fr. Kirby. Miss Monaghan. Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Adolf. Franciscans, Edmonton. Rev. Fr. Smyth. Mrs. H. E. McSloy. Rev. P. J. MacDonald. C.N.D., Montreal. Crusaders, Sudbury. Rev. Fr. R. J. Kennedy, C.Ss.R. Anon. F. Lambert. Anon. Christina McLellan. E. Austin. A. Anderson. Sacred Heart School. Sault-Au-Recollet. Mrs. Rosa Park. Mrs. H. Vincent. Rev. E. T. Keane. Rev. Fr. Pennylegion. M. & E. Kavanaugh. Mrs. F. Mahon. Urusia Byrne. Entrance Class, Ottawa. Mrs. W. P. Hourizan. Rev. Fr. R. F. Adams. Rev. Fr. N. J. Corley. Dr. M. H. Cavanaugh. A. M. Casey. 70 Sacred Heart School. 25 A Friend, Fort William. 20 Anon. Honorary Members Miss Regan. Eileen Gibson. K. McKian. Jennie Sullivan. Misses Costello. Ida Dawson.
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THANK YOU.

Miss Mary Hunt, of Berwick, Ont., has sent us a supply of medals and also some linen to be made into requisites for the altar.
From Miss Margaret Murphy, Brooklyn, N.Y., we received a collection of religious articles for the West.
Miss McConnell and Mr. Murphy sent in Catholic literature and pamphlets, and Miss Ella Francis Lynch, donated cancelled stamps and used Christmas cards.
To all of these friends we wish to express our grateful appreciation of their efforts to assist us in our mission work.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.

In a letter from a priest friend of our work we read: "In return for the enclosed cheque, kindly see that the sanctuary lamp burns in your poorest mission where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved."
The thoughts of this kind priest go out to our poorest mission. There he claims the privilege to be guardian of its sanctuary lamp. What a beautiful way of being present with the Divine Master in His mission field and sharing with His missionaries their prayers and their labours! This example, we are confident, will appeal to many of our readers. Some may perhaps be inclined to follow it.

YOUR GIFT TO THE MISSIONS IS A GIFT TO THE HIGHEST FORM OF CHARITY

Make God's Interests Yours He Will Make Your Interests His —

WHO WOULD HESITATE TO MAKE
SUCH AN EXCHANGE?

The Missions — Home and Foreign — Are His
Dearest Interests

S.O.S

Plough Some of Your Earnings

S.O.S

into the Home Mission Field of Canada where the harvest is so plentiful and
the labourers are so few.

THIS IS A GOOD INVESTMENT

By giving to the Missionary Work of the
SISTERS OF SERVICE

You contribute to the conservation and propagation of the Faith in your own
Country — Mother Church expects every Catholic Canadian to do his duty.

SISTERS OF SERVICE, 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

Write for information

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



*Canada
Needs
the
Sisters
of
Service*

*The
Sisters
of
Service
Need
Canada*

Headquarters—2 Wellesley Place, Toronto
Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

MISSIONS

Halifax, N.S.	Port Work
Quebec, Que.	Port Work
Montreal, Que.	Hostel
Ottawa, Ont.	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.	Settlement House
Winnipeg, Man.	Hostel

Camp Morton, Man.
Edmonton, Alta.
Edmonton, Alta.
Vilna, Alta.
Edson, Alta.
St. Brides, Alta.
Vancouver, B.C.

2 Schools
Catechetical Centre
Hostel
Hospital
Hospital
School
Hostel

Correspondence is Invited

The Field At Home



S.O.S

CATHOLIC

NATIONAL



SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"While Vicar General of Edmonton I saw at close range the excellent work done by the Sisters of Service in their multiple missionary activities. I cannot too highly commend their zeal and energy for the salvation of the most abandoned souls of Western Canada. The correspondence course in religious instruction, which they carry on with such success, deserves a special tribute, as they thus minister to the little ones of Christ far from Church and Catholic school."

✠ JAMES C. McGUIGAN,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of

the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

—*Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House, Sir CHARLES FITZPATRICK. Quebec, August 22, 1923.

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

CATHOLIC NATIONAL SISTERS OF SERVICE EDITORIAL

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK

THERE is a picture, "Jesus among the children," by Plockhorst, which, we are sure, you have often seen and admired. The artist was inspired by the scene so well depicted in the Gospel—"They brought to Him young children, that He might touch them. And the disciples rebuked them that brought them. Whom, when Jesus saw, He was much displeased and said to them: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter into it.' And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." (Mark 13-16).

Yes, Jesus loves little children. Their innocence and helplessness appeal to His merciful Heart. To shield them against scandal He surrounds them with the protecting fires of His eternal justice: "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea . . . woe to the man by whom scandal cometh." (Matt. xviii 6-7).

The Church has these same feelings for her children. Her battles for the sanctity of the home and for Catholic schools prove that sacredness with which childhood is clothed. In her eyes there is nothing more precious than the soul of a child. She is ready to sacrifice everything to protect the faith of "the little ones."

The children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. The Church will be to-morrow what its childhood is to-day. This fact gives rise to serious thinking when one considers the thousands and thousands of Catholic children

scattered through the Home Mission Field of Canada. Their holy baptism gives them a right to Catholic instruction. Their innocent souls yearn after the teachings of the divine Master. They love to hear the story of God's love for man, to sing His praises and to pray to Him.

But how are we to reach this army of Catholic children? They live far from the Church and hardly come in contact with Her priests. The vacation schools are to-day helping to solve this agonizing problem.

The Sisters of Service have been teaching catechism to some of those children in our Western Provinces. Almost in every Western diocese the forces of our religious communities have been commandeered by the Bishops for this work. . . . and rightly so. Communities exist for the Church and not the Church for Communities. Good work has been done and the results are most encouraging.

The catechetical correspondence continues the work of the catechist. Last April the Holy Father, addressing the International Junior Catholic Women's League, said: "We have noted with pleasure that you have turned your attention to travelling and correspondence courses which are destined to annihilate distance. Excellent idea! *If those indeed cannot come to us we must go to them.* Our Lord gave the same mission to the world: "Go and teach . . ."

It is through His Majesty's Mail Bag that we go to those children who are without the benefits of the Church's teaching and "annihilate the distances" that separate them from us. For several years the Sisters of Service have been carrying on this work in Edmonton. The class they reach through their Correspondence Course extends

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO GIVE.

from Northern Ontario to the Pacific Coast. We owe to the generosity of a Toronto Catholic gentleman, Mr. Frank O'Connor, the means to carry on this wonderful apostolate among the scattered children of our Western Provinces.

On the pressing invitation of His Excellency the Archbishop of Regina the Sisters are opening another catechetical centre in Regina. This new S.O.S. mission house will take care of the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, leaving Alberta and British Columbia to the Edmonton foundation.

To save the lambs of Christ's flock is our desire and ambition. This effort, we know, will appeal to our Catholic public on whom we really depend for support. Help us, therefore, to save our children from the greatest of all dangers . . . the loss of the Faith. Let us never forget the words of the Saviour: "And he that shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth me." (Matt. xviii, 5).

G. Daly
G.H.

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.

Dear Sister:—

The enclosed cheque, \$30.00, is towards the keeping of the Sanctuary Lamp in one of your missions.

I am following the lead of my Pastor in this, (who has lamps in many missions) and also the "outcome" of your reminder in the last magazine of *The Field At Home*.

Thanking the Sisters for remembrance in their prayers,—and "claiming" still more.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Loretto Martin.

THE THRILL OF TRYING.

Margaret was taking dictation when our employer broke off abruptly and gave her instructions that made me stop and stare. Knowing the girl well I was certain that what he was asking her to do was practically an impossibility.

Surprised at not hearing a quick protest, I glanced at Margaret and was amazed to see her eyes dancing and the corners of her mouth quivering with what appeared to be repressed excitement.

Then she spoke: "Mr. B——, I've never done anything like it before, but I'll have a try and we'll see what happens."

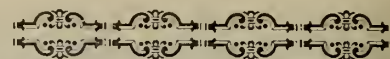
"Good!" And the employer resumed dictation.

Later I caught Margaret in the corridor. "Of all the colossal nerve!" I ejaculated. "You know you can't do it."

The smile that always seemed trying to escape from the corners of Margaret's mouth spread over her face until it met and merged into the twinkle in her eyes.

"You cautious old thing! I know it sounds hopeless enough, but it's one of my principles never to say I can't do a thing until I've made an honest attempt. I've had the most amazing results from trying. You never know what may happen. All sorts of hidden talents and adaptabilities are unearthed by the pick-axe 'Try.' Really, you have no idea what a thrill there is in trying! True, in a case like this, there are a hundred chances to one that I'll fail, but who knows that I won't hit the one chance and succeed?"

Margaret tripped away leaving me silent and serious. What lost opportunities! What undeveloped talents! All going to waste because so many people have not been awakened to the lure of trying!





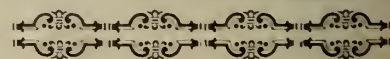
**"I'm subscribing
to
"THE FIELD
AT HOME"
for these 3
REASONS!"**

- 1 "Because as a Catholic Canadian I am deeply interested in our great Home Mission Field.
- 2 "Because the "Sisters of Service" have been founded to labour in that Field where the leakage of our Catholic forces is the greatest.
- 3 "Because by subscribing to their missionary magazine I wish to share in their noble "Catholic and National endeavour."

My Name.....

My Address.....

.....



THE ONLY ONE WHO NEVER MAKES MISTAKES IS THE ONE WHO NEVER DOES ANYTHING.

Notes and Comments

OUR ANNUAL APPEAL.

Our annual appeal has gone forth to our friends and supporters. Is not the Fall of the year the most appropriate time for this message? The Harvest has been garnered and from our grateful hearts wells forth an act of thanksgiving to the Author of all gifts. In return for His kindness to us, should we not be ready to give back something for the spread of His Kingdom on earth? Nothing could be more agreeable to His loving Heart. All we have comes from Him and the supreme desire of His Heart is that His "Kingdom may come" among men upon earth.

We appeal to you for the extension of that Kingdom within the boundaries of your own country. The work of the Sisters of Service has been established for that purpose. We, therefore, rely on your gratitude to God which will mean your kindness and generosity to our endeavour.

G.D.

PROSELYTIZING.

"Protestant Home Missions to Catholic Immigrants" is a book written by Theodore Abel and published by the "Institute of Social and Religious Research" of New York. This book is a result of a survey, under the auspices of a Protestant organization, of Protestant proselytizing activities among Catholic immigrants in the United States. The field work back of this study involved an investigation of proselytizing centres in the large cities and in certain rural districts where the foreign born are found in greater numbers.

The book under review is rightly called "frank" because it is an open admission of failure. The net result of these activities of Protestant bodies among our Catholic immigrants is summed up in the statement that in the course of more than fifty years between \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000 have been expended by them, and that the number of Catholic immigrants in the present membership of American Protestant mission churches amount to between 25,000 and 30,000.

The conclusion of this study is that if the Protestant proselytizing campaign has failed a Catholic apostolic crusade among our immigrants, if persisted in, cannot but succeed.

G.D.

WHY?

What is the meaning of all efforts spent in the Home Mission Field? To try to equalize as far as possible the religious privileges of the people of Canada. The inequality of religious privileges is to-day the weakness of the Church in our Dominion.

The Sooner the Better.

"A change in social conditions must come and the sooner the better. At present industrial society is made up of two classes, a very small minority that does all the managing, reaps all the profits and exercises all the ownership, and the vast majority that manages nothing, owns nothing, and gets no profits. Such a society always is and always will be in a state of unstable equilibrium." — Monsignor J. A. Ryan.

* * *

WHO IS A LIAR?

In no uncertain terms has St. John the Apostle given an answer to this question: "If any man say he love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth how can he love God whom he seeth not? And this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God, love also his brother." (I. John iv, 20-21).

What must we conclude from the fact that a Catholic takes no interest in his brother who, through lack of help, is lost to the Faith?

* * *

WOMEN SET THE PACE.

"What is happening to the spirit of the English people, which is leading to so many strange adventures in feminine audacity and hastening the pace of the social whirligig so in the rush for pleasure? Men and women are losing all restraint. Is it only a passing phase, or is the end of this year's season the beginning of the greater end, involving the decadence of the English people? . . . Never within living memory has the town been so given up to gayety. Never in that time have its entertainments been so deliberately audacious in luxury and liberty. . . . It was the women who set the pace. At the very beginning of the season it was obvious that they were out for sensation, for audacity, for laughing defiance of old conventions, for a splendid time at all costs." — Sir Philip Gibbs.

GOD'S BLESSING UPON OUR BENEFACTORS.

"Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day. The Lord preserve him and give him life and make him blessed upon the earth; and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies. The Lord help him on his bed of sorrow." (Ps. 40, 1-4).

This blessing and promise of the Lord will surely come to our benefactors, for they have that "understanding concerning the needy and the poor" in the Home Mission Field.

G.D.

* * *

THE MEANING OF OUR MISSION HOSPITALS.

The Apostles were specifically directed to "heal the sick" in their missionary work. Hence, it is readily understood why they and their successors have shown a tender regard for the sick down to our day, sympathizing with them and coming to their relief according to their ability and means.

Our Holy Father expresses the modern approbation of medical missions by the Catholic Church in the inspiring words: "Let the missionaries remember that they must follow the same methods with the natives as did the Divine Teacher when He was on earth. He, before He taught the multitudes, was accustomed to heal their sick; and all that were sick He healed; and many followed Him and He healed them all; He had compassion on them and healed their sick." He ordered His Apostles to do the same. "And into what city whatsoever you enter . . . heal the sick that are therein, and say to them: 'The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.'" "Going out they went through the towns, preaching the gospel and healing everywhere." — American Ecclesiastical Review.

* * *

THANKS.

We wish to express our grateful appreciation to the parishioners of Selkirk, Man., for a donation of \$15.90 in aid of our catechetical work.

* * *

GREAT OCCASIONS.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows us what we have become. — Canon Westcott.

IT IS NOBLER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE, BUT TO SERVE IS TO GIVE MORE THAN ALL GIFTS.



"I have come to serve"

AT HEADQUARTERS

Josephine Dulaska, Rochester, Alta.; Sister Veronica Gillis, Newfoundland; Sister Marie Leona Trautman, Mildmay, Ont.

The ceremony took place on the Feast of the Assumption in

fession, kneeling in turn before the altar, pronounced their first vows. Each sister received a silver cross, on one side of which is engraved S.O.S. and on the other the motto of the Order—"I Have Come to Serve."

Sister Magdalen Barton, Toronto, then made perpetual vows. Sister carried a lighted candle in her hand, and after pronouncing her vows, she received a plain silver ring in token of her final consecration.

Sister Mary Regan made renewal of vows, as did a number of other Sisters on the various missions. Four Sisters received the habit and six postulants entered the Novitiate.

The Vows—both first and final—were received by the Very Rev. Father Costello, C.S.S.R., the Rev. Father Daly, C.S.S.R., and the Rev. Father Maedonald, C.S.S.R., assisting.

The Te Deum was chanted at the close of the ceremony.

* * *

OFF TO THE FIRING LINE.

After Profession the most interesting subject is the appointments. To what corner of the mission-field will the newly-professed be assigned? We were not kept long in doubt, and by the time this is printed our new missionaries will be thoroughly initiated into their new work.

Sister Green was appointed to Ottawa Hostel, Sister Gillis to Montreal Hostel, Sister Dulaska

RETREAT.

OUR midsummer Retreat was preached this year by the Rev. Father A. Maedonald, C.S.S.R. Twenty-five Sisters followed the exercises. For eight days, in answer to the invitation of the Divine Master, "Come Ye Apart and Rest Awhile," they put aside the bustle and activity of ordinary life and lived in prayerful silence—alone with God. Who can measure the many graces poured into the soul at such times of close union with its Maker? Faith is strengthened, hope is refreshed and, above all, Love is enkindled to the white heat of generous self-sacrifice.

* * *

PROFESSIONS.

Profession Day—that day so long and so eagerly looked forward to by the novices, brought the joy of pronouncing their first vows to four Sisters: Sister Anna Green, Killaloe; Sister



Our Newest Missionaries.

our Novitiate Chapel. The Feast Day Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Costello, C.S.S.R., and an inspiring sermon was preached by the Retreat Master, Father Maedonald.

At the conclusion of the Mass the Veni Creator was intoned by the celebrant and continued by the choir, after which the four Sisters making First Pro-

TO BE IN DEBT TO GOD IS THE LIGHTEARTEDNESS OF LIFE.

to Halifax Hostel and Sister Trautman to the Mother House, Toronto.

May God bless them all, and give them the grace to work generously in His service!

* * *

FINAL PROFESSIONS AT EDSON.

The Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Service, St. John's Hospital, Edson, Alberta, was the scene of a very beautiful ceremony on the feast of the Assumption when six Sisters of the Community made the Perpetual Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, consecrating themselves forever to the service of God and His Church in the Home Mission Field of our beloved Canada.

This ceremony took place at the close of an eight-days Retreat, which was preached by Reverend Anthony McBriarty, C.S.S.R., who also officiated at the Profession Mass and received the Vows of the Sisters. Rev. Father Hamel, S.J., assisted at the ceremony.

After the Last Gospel the "Veni Creator" was intoned by the priest and sung by the choir. The Sisters for Final Profession then advanced, carrying lighted candles, and kneeling before God's altar pronounced their Perpetual Vows. Each Sister then received from the hands of the priest a plain silver profession ring.

Those making Perpetual Vows were: Sister Margaret O'Hare, Renfrew, Ont.; Sister Hermine LaMothe, Montreal; Sister Gertrude Walsh, Montreal; Sister Magdalene Long, Winnipeg; Sister Mary Fitzgerald, Prince Edward Island; Sister Patricia McConway, Winnipeg.

The following Sisters renewed their Vows: Sister Margaret Muldoon, Sister Helen Furman, Sister Irene Washkosky, Sister Stella Marie Dube.

The exultant tones of the "Te Deum" brought to a close this solemn and beautiful ceremony.

"WE HAVE SERVED."

To mark the last resting-place of the Sisters of Service in Mount Hope Cemetery a beautiful Celtic cross was recently erected. At the base of the monument one can read these words: "We Have Served." This brief inscription is an epitome of the lives of the departed ones and a beautiful message to their sisters on earth.

Their work is over. Under the greensward and beneath the peaceful shadows of the cross they are at rest. The reward of a life of service is now theirs. And from their silent graves how eloquently they preach to their Sisters who are still busy about "their Father's business" in the Mission Field.

Kneeling at the foot of our Cemetery Cross, how lovingly we whisper the prayer: "Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them."

MUSIC.

How little music could one ever get out of a violin without the pressure of the fingers on the strings! Is it not even thus that God brings the music out of souls? All the sweetest chords are evoked, not from the open strings, but from those pressed hard by the Master's hand.

If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.—John 4:20.



HOME AGAIN!

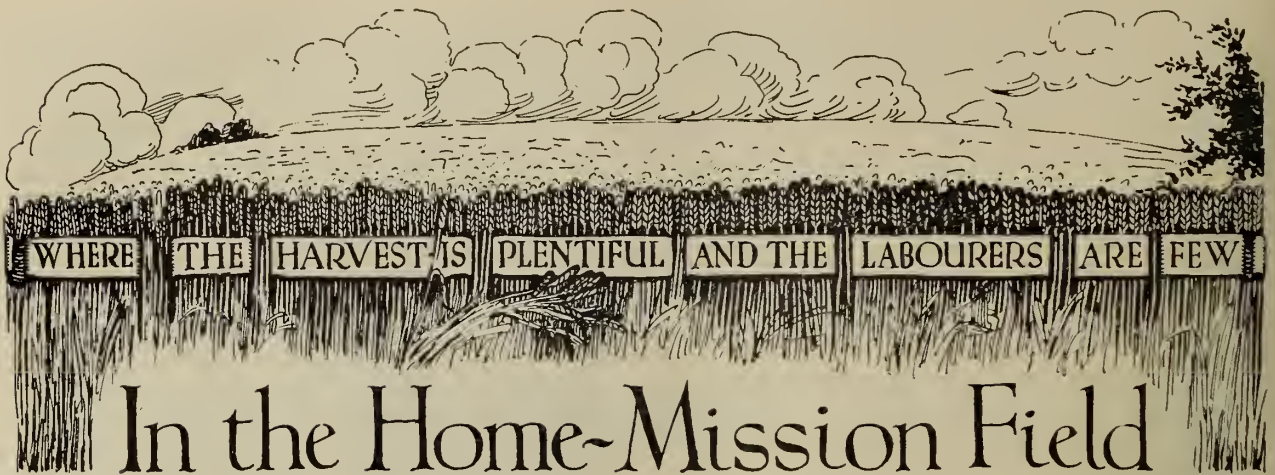
During the summer we had the joy of welcoming home Sister Barton, who spent some weeks at the Motherhouse before going on the Retreat preparatory to making her final profession. Sister has now returned to the West to take charge of our new catechetical centre in Regina. Our good wishes and prayers go with her for success in this new undertaking.

We also had the pleasure of greeting Sister Alice Walsh, who came home after an interesting catechetical tour in the rural districts of Northern Ontario. Sister is remaining with us for a while.

It is always a happiness to have our Sisters come home from the missions and to listen to the instructive and pleasing tales they tell of mission life in its various phases.

He that loveth his life shall lose it.—John 12:25.

SUFFERING IS THE COINAGE BY WHICH WE PURCHASE STRENGTH.



CATECHETICAL TOURS -- SAVING THE FAITH OF THE LITTLE ONES

DURING the summer months a small army of S.O.S. has been fighting valiantly for the souls of Catholic children in isolated sections of the country where the flame of Faith is in danger of being completely extinguished through lack of the fuel of religious instruction. Every Sister that could be spared was engaged in this truly missionary activity. Many miles of territory were traversed and contact was made with hundreds of children in various parts of the Home Mission Field.

The following extracts are culled from letters of our sister-catechists. Our readers will note that the S.O.S. catechist itinerary covered the greater part of the Dominion, embracing the mountain-fastnesses of British Columbia, the prairies of Alberta and Manitoba, the rural districts of Northern Ontario and the fishing hamlets along the Atlantic coast.

The Cariboo Trail

Big Bar Creek, May 21st.

We arrived here about supper time and decided to sleep in the car. Mrs. K., a neighbour, said they would be glad to give us our meals. Lovely meals

they were, too, home-made bread and butter, fresh eggs, cream, chicken, etc.

The people are so widely scattered here that it was necessary to divide our time and spend one week on the mountain, the other at the Creek—about 12 miles away. The children are very bright and learn quickly. They love to sing. We taught them "O Lord, I Am Not Worthy," "Mary, Dearest Mother," and "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." I asked one child if she knew any hymns and she replied: "I don't know what you mean by hymns." This is true. Neither grown-ups nor children had ever heard a hymn. They were so glad to learn some.

We stayed a week on the mountain and then went down to the Creek. We parked the car under two immense cottonwood trees. The cotton was falling and seemed just like snow. We are two thousand feet below our home on the mountain. The mountains rise above and all around us. There are real cow-boys here and real ranches. Everywhere you look there are horses and cattle.

Father left us a list of people we should visit. One is a young woman who lives three miles over the mountain from



Among the Mountains of British Columbia.

DON'T PUT UP AN UMBRELLA BETWEEN YOU AND GOD IN BAD WEATHER.

here. It was impossible to take the car over, so we had to go on horseback. I never rode a horse in my life, but I made up my mind to do my best. A nice quiet horse was picked for me. We got along beautifully until he started to trot, and then I seemed to be going up when he was coming down. When I got off the horse my knees were shaking enough to play a tune. Violet, the young woman for whom we were looking, promised to come to Mass on Sunday and bring her baby to be baptized. Coming back I was more used to the horse and didn't bounce so much, but I'll stick to the Essex whenever possible.

One day while teaching here I was telling little Betty, aged five, how poor Jesus was when He was on earth, and how He liked the poor people better than the rich. With such a worried look on her little face she enquired: "Well, does God like me, then? I have two ten cents." Imagine! She thought she was rich!

Father said Mass for us on Thursday morning. Just as he was putting the things away Violet (the girl we went on horseback to see) arrived with her baby to be baptized. She was unable to get over to her cousin's place the evening before and arrived at the top of the hill just in time to see the car driving away, so she rode all the way on horseback with a baby two months old, and arrived when Mass was over.

Everyone is wonderfully good to us. If you want to see real hospitality, come to the Cariboo! The people certainly do all in their power to make us as comfortable as we can be under the circumstances.

* * *

Springhouse, B.C., June 1st.

We visited the Pea Vine Valley, south of the Fraser River Banks, where live the family farthest away. We brought out two girls who are to be instructed for First Holy Communion. On the way back we called for children till the car overflowed, brought a load to the school and returned for another, taught for two hours and drove two loads part of the way home again, then came to our camp in the woods here for our supper. It was 7 p.m. We had not had a spare moment to have lunch since ten in the morning.

The road to Pea Vine is the usual type you find anywhere beside the Fraser River, dropping and climbing by switch-back trails, narrow stretches of road cut from the rock high on the edge of the precipice, slow and careful driving which puts the passengers in the back seat to sleep and wakes them up suddenly when you have to put the wheel over a rock. We had scarcely enough energy left to get our car-bed ready.

In the night the rain fell heavily. We tried to remain unconscious of the fact that we must open



The Milk House which was made into a home for us.

our eyes to a drenched world. Only some old canvas covered our belongings piled under the trees. A welcome voice at the window said: "We have come to make a shelter for you. You don't need to get up until it is ready." They cut poles for props under some Jackpine trees and improvised a roof of binder-canvas and branches. A hole in the ground was dug under this in one corner for our fire, wood chopped, and a blaze started. I drove our car alongside this shelter and our kind hosts left us to our devotions and breakfast.

Being very short of gas, we decided to go in to William's Lake. We had passed all the clay road and the slippery hills safely and nearing town, felt sure that the worst was over. But as we passed a pretty little cabin with a tent beside it, the car leaped the ditch and nosed up the bank and over. The front wheel went over a high gnarled root of a pine tree and jammed. The other front wheel and a hind one suspended and spun in the air. Sister F. went over to the little cabin and the kind old man who lived there hurried out to aid and advise us. We chopped the root away from behind the front wheel, brought pine boughs and packed them under the suspended hind one, made several attempts to move out and failed. The afternoon was passing, the rain was pouring, so Sister F. started to walk to town to a garage. I wanted our kindly assistant to give up and go in out of the rain, as he has been very ill. Instead he went for a shovel. I did the digging, made a hole under the front wheel, into which it dropped at last. Then the hind wheel dropped onto gunny sacks which the old gentleman had been packing under it. The car backed down into the ditch. We didn't expect it would pull back onto the road, but it did.

I caught up with Sister F. just as she stepped out of the garage. No damage showed on the car, so we filled the tank with gas, got the chains tightened, tires and battery checked. William's Lake is the nearest place to get all this done. We had supper with a friend of Father M., and then started back on the "home" trail. We kept the middle of the road the whole way. As we approached our trees we saw that there was nothing left but the canvas roof and the hole in the ground. Mrs. I., our hostess, was running towards us from her house.

"We have fixed up the milk-house for you," she said. We cleaned it out and packed the cracks with moss and there's a stove and a fire." Blessed news! We made for the place in haste. I sat and gazed at the glowing stove, making myself sure it was not a dream. It was such a beautiful stove, the most delightfully handsome one I ever saw. The end door and the front door are all smashed and wired up. A



Clearing the Path in the Cariboo.

ONLY THE INDOLENT AND THE FRIVOLOUS NEVER HAVE A SPARE MOMENT.

flat piece of rust does for the top where you put in the wood. It has only three legs and is white with age, for it has seen much "Cariboo" life. Its red pipes are decorated with holes and rusty frilled edges. As the rain poured down outside, I sat close to that thing of loveliness and comfort, the gift of the warm hearts of its owners. The red coals popped out of the holes in the broken front and lay glowing with hospitality and welcome on the little iron platform. Our host brought in a sheepskin and laid it on the clay floor, in front of the fire. I put the car in front of the door, so that we could step from our parlour to our bedroom without getting more than a sprinkling.

Next day the rain still pelted down. The family were obliged to mend the roof of their own house. The mother came and asked if the small children might stay with us till they could get their leaking roof repaired. Six of them came and sat crowded together on two little boxes perilously near the stove. Our tiny cabin is only 8 x 8.

The rain delayed our classes, but we hope to get caught up on Saturday. I have a class of fourteen for First Communion. These children have had little schooling. It seems a shame that they have no opportunity of learning about their religion. The little we can do this year is only a foundation for the years to come.

* * *

St. Joseph's Mission, June 14th.

Here we are at the Oblate Mission, taking a day's rest. The Sisters welcomed us as though we were their own Sisters. It is very lovely here. Reminds me of our Novitiate. The children answer the Mass in common and sing hymns. It is so wonderful to have the Blessed Sacrament again!

We arrived at Meldrum Creek, our next mission, only to be informed that most of the people were leaving the next day for the Stampede. So we had only that night for instruction. Father asked us to get them ready for confession, as he would say Mass in the morning at seven and hear confessions at 6.30. After supper, Sister said she would clear up if I would go to the house—no sooner said than done. There was only an hour and a half in which to teach them, and I hardly knew where to begin. I left it to the Holy Ghost and started to talk. I went from one thing to another and didn't stop talking once during the whole time. The children were very interested, even the oldest boy, who must be about twenty-five years old. In the morning Father wanted Irvine, who is eight years old, to make his First Communion. He has a million dollar smile and was as happy as a lark.

Then we returned to the Mission and received a hearty welcome from the Sisters. We will be sorry in a way to leave here, but I really think we shall be glad to be on the road again—doing our work. There is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it.

* * *

Gravelle Ferry, June 19th.

We are now at Gravelle Ferry, not far from Quesnel. We came up here to instruct the ——— family, and Father M. came too. He had never been able to get in here because of the bad road. It is not very good, but if the weather keeps fine we'll be able to get out a week from to-day. Mr. ——— lives here because he operates the Government ferry across the Quesnel River. Every day we go back and forth on the little ferry and then walk half a mile to the house. The surroundings are most beautiful. It's a land of deer and moose and a few miles farther

north are cariboo and bears. This morning across the river from us and in full view, were three beautiful red deer with white tails.

The day after we arrived at ——— Father said Mass and departed to return in a week. It began to rain. In the afternoon Mr. ——— and the eldest son arrived with a camp stove, some wood, and canvas to put up an improvised tent for us. Now isn't that true hospitality? They also supplied us with fresh vegetables, eggs, milk and wild strawberries.

There were six children in the family to be instructed. They were very attentive and anxious to learn. We taught them three hymns and they were so pleased. They had never sung anything before. They tried so hard and we were just as pleased as if they had been the greatest singers in the Cariboo.



The Ferry on which the Sisters crossed the River.

Everything was beautiful on First Communion Day and the children were so happy!

From this place we went on to Quesnel, where Father had some people for us to visit. Then back to the Mission, where the Sisters again welcomed us most heartily. While there we met Father Thomas. He is a pioneer of the Cariboo. He has been here for thirty-seven years. He used to look after both the whites and Indians, but since Father McIntyre came he has only the Indians. We were very pleased to meet him. Everyone knows him and speaks so well of him. He has a good word for everybody—he says even the devil is a hard worker.

* * *

Vancouver, July 19th.

We arrived here Monday night, quite safely. The Cariboo experience was certainly worth while. We travelled over 2,200 miles and gas was 42½ cents most of the time.

After our visit to Quesnel we went southward to Canein Lake, Forest Grove, Hawkin's Lake and Brodley Creek. At this latter settlement there is a dense timber forest which reaches to the rear of the school. An old bear lives in this forest and is often seen fattening up on berries.

Before this summer's experience we did not know there existed in Canada a parish as large as this of the Cariboo and Fraser Plateau. The territory comprises thousands of square miles of mountains and valleys, most of which is heavily wooded.

We have found child characters quite as interesting and promising as any that are mentioned in stories by the best Canadian authors. How fortunate that they have an understanding guardian of their souls, in the person of Father McIntyre, who is ever on the alert to inspire to full growth the best that

OUR POWER FOR KEEPING SILENCE MARKS THE LEVEL OF OUR CAPACITY FOR ACTION.

is in them. Father is truly an artist missionary. We have seen him in action, which is a rare privilege. We have noticed that non-Catholics look forward to his coming and eagerly seek his blessing. During his three years of constant travelling and organizing, this Shepherd of the Mountains has "removed the stumps" which is a truly colossal task. He has thrown himself heart, soul and brain into the work and hazarded all he had.

The S.O.S. Cariboo Catechists.

* * *

Appreciation.

Clinton, B.C., July 15, 1934.

Dear Sisters:

With genuine regret do I say good-bye, and God bless you. I am very glad indeed to have met you and known you long enough to be able to say in all truth and sincerity that the Lord most likely is pleased with your zealous, intelligent efforts to save souls for Him. I am sure I am, and, even now would ask you to put yourselves on order in my district for next year. Later on I will write good Father Daly to whose kindness and missionary zeal we are indebted for your efficient and willing services this season.

I very much regret one thing, and that is my inability to do much for you in a financial way for reasons as well known to you as to me. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the work of co-operating with Almighty God in the salvation of souls requires the material aid of filthy lucre; but as things are now, they look for it in garages, filling stations, and stores.

The enclosed small check is to help you on your way home. If you don't happen to need it on the road, kindly give it to Sister Church, who may be able to find a corner where it may be put to work. It goes with a good heart, in which there is deep appreciation of your kindness and assistance in the work assigned me by the Archbishop.

In conclusion, let me assure you of a place daily in my Mass and prayers, and may I ask a wee memento in your devotions, when you chance to think of the wandering shepherd in the valleys between the hills. God bless you always.

Sincerely and gratefully in Christ,

A. L. McIntyre.

In Rural Alberta

Entwhistle, Alta., July 10th.

I suppose you are all wondering where we are and what we are doing. We have been so busy that it is too dark to see by the time we have a minute to write, and as neither of us can light the gas lamp we can do nothing after the daylight fades away. We have to go to bed in the dark.

We are staying at the little Rectory by the church. It is just finished in rough lumber. Father S. took our car out ten miles into the Muskeg and rounded up seven children who had not made their First Communion, and as there is no other way, we have to keep them here. It keeps us busy, cooking for ten, besides teaching all day. However, we do not mind it in the least, and are getting along fine. We have one large front room, and at night all the girls sleep there on chairs, camp beds, etc. In the morning they pick up their beds and set up two benches from the church and have their breakfast

there, kneeling on the floor. Then this is all cleared away and the debris swept out before starting class in the same room. There is so much rain and the children are coughing so frequently that Father asked us to teach indoors.

We were getting along fine, drinking rain water, until one day we discovered the children washing their faces in the rain barrel!

* * *

Sunnybrook, Alta., July 14th.

Here we are, located sixty miles south of Edmonton on the Calgary road at a place called Sunnybrook. We left Edmonton on July 1st and came to our first mission. Here we have been ever since.

This is a settlement of mixed nationalities, Hungarian predominating, and the parish comprises quite an extensive territory. There is enough work here alone for one priest, as there are quite a number of Catholic families who are for the most part spiritually destitute. Many of these people have been to Church but a few times since settling here. We are trying to get them books written in Hungarian-English and German-English, as this will be a great help to them in preparing for Confession. As it is, they are willing, but unable to go. All the children speak English, but know practically nothing about their religion. Some of the old people do not speak English, so we take with us two children, one speaking German and the other Hungarian, and they interpret for us. Several German and Hungarian mothers recognized the habit at once, having seen our Sisters at Halifax and Quebec on their arrival in Canada.

They all seem quite at home with us and tell us their difficulties, spiritual and temporal. The chief spiritual ones are that they are not able to keep in touch with their religion, as they cannot speak English and cannot go to Confession, and that they come to church Sunday after Sunday and if the roads are bad and Father cannot get through they have to return home again and again, cold, hungry and disappointed. This has a gradual weakening effect on the Faith of some of them and they say they are going to pray at home. We can easily understand their point of view and it is very sad.

When we see the deep faith of some, despite their difficulties, we almost feel ashamed and wonder what we would do in their place. There is a Hungarian Lutheran minister here who has services at the same time that Father says Mass, thereby hoping to get the Catholic people in case Father does not arrive, and many, because they are disappointed and discouraged, go rather than return without having attended any services. Non-Catholic literature is also being distributed. Our Catholic people get their share and we can see how their minds are being poisoned gradually. They will need a constant supply of Catholic literature to counteract these evil effects.

So far we have found thirteen children who have never been baptized, and we expect to find many more before we finish. We are staying with a family who live four miles from the Church, and every morning finds us on the road in our "One Hoss Shay." It takes us just one hour to get to the church, that is when "Jimmie" runs all the way. Jimmie is a saddle horse and is not used to pulling a wagon. He goes from one side of the road to the other, and when he finds a smooth place for his feet he stubbornly stays there and lets us get the benefit of all the puddles, hills and hollows on the road. We also use him for visiting the people and

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD LEADS SOONER OR LATER TO PERFECTION.

he serves our purpose very well; he is getting to be quite a missionary.

We have forty children in our class and twelve of these are making their First Communion on Saturday morning. We appreciate your prayers very much and ask you all to redouble them, so that we may be able to do some little good for souls, for this district is rich in opportunities for missionary work.

Harvest Time in Manitoba

"Have you made your First Holy Communion?"

"Have you ever received the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ?"

"Have you been baptized?"

The only answer from the fifteen-year-old boy to whom these questions were addressed was an expression of absolute bewilderment. He glanced toward his father, who could speak only enough English to assure us that they were Catholics. The boy was expected to interpret, but the language of religion was unknown to him. An older brother was sent for. Yes, he understood. He had received the Body and Blood of Jesus, not in Canada—in the Old Country. There was no Church here like the one at home. True, there was a Scotch church three miles away, but it was not like their own, and rather than attend it they decided to leave the Church out of their lives. Thus this younger brother had been denied all the rights of his Catholic birth. Each day the Sisters drove six miles to meet this boy and bring him to the catechetical centre for instruction. Did he make his First Holy Communion? No! Three days were all that was left of the allotted time and that was not sufficient to prepare this lad to receive his God, but the Sisters intend to provide further instruction through their Correspondence Course.

To give an account of the two months spent in teaching catechism is practically impossible. Each hour of each day was so filled with opportunity! "Souls! souls! souls!" seemed to be ringing through the air. Were there difficulties? Oh, yes,—minor ones—bumpy roads, a broken spring, mosquitoes, etc., but in each case the reward was so great and so immediate that the difficulties were quickly forgotten. Is it a difficult task, after teaching all day to drive twenty-five miles for a second lesson? No! not when one finds twenty souls who will sit on the bank of a river until 10 p.m., tormented by mosquitoes, yet eagerly listening to that oft-repeated story. No, it is not difficult.

"Doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the desert and go after that which was lost until he find it?"

In each district where the Sisters are sent to catechize there are always the faithful few—the ninety-nine who await their coming with pleasure. There are others too,—those who know nothing of the Sisters, and again those who know, but alas, are too weak

to make the necessary effort to be there. This summer our objective was to find these, the weaker members of the flock.

As soon as we reached our district we questioned the children. There were more Catholic families, yes! but the children were not coming for instruction. Some lived too far away, some were too busy, etc., etc. These excuses were brushed aside and while one Sister began instructing those who were there, the other taking one child as guide, set out in search of the straying members. In one district the number of pupils was increased in one day from eight to thirty-two, in another from thirteen to fifty. We often asked ourselves, "Is it worth while? Should we spend one precious day, and gallons of gas searching the highways and byways, or should we remain and feed the hungry ninety-nine?" It was in moments such as these that we thought with gratitude of the kind friends who so generously contributed toward the Catechetical Fund. In one district we were told that there was a little girl living about seven miles from our catechetical centre, who

had not yet made her First Holy Communion. One little girl! It would mean twenty-eight miles each day if we were to go for her. One soul! By leaving home at six-thirty in the morning we could have her and several others at the catechetical centre by nine o'clock. Yes, we could go. She was a sweet little girl, ten years of age. Would her mother allow her to come for instructions, so that she might receive her First Holy Communion? Oh, yes!

But then, she had not been baptized. She is now baptized, and has received her First Communion. Was that not worth while?

In each case we can now say, "Yes it was well worth while." The expense of running two cars is no small burden, but without them we know that more than fifty per cent. of these children would have received no instruction. It was through the Catechetical Fund that we were enabled to run these cars, and if the contributors could only know, could only see the results of their efforts and sacrifices they would indeed be well repaid.

Non-Catholic proselytizers are always busy. They have much of this world's goods to offer, while the Sisters have but the Word of God. It is always hard to make children who have been under the influence of these workers understand that it is not books and pictures that matter. Several families, rather than deny their children all religion, allowed them to attend a non-Catholic Sunday School. The influence upon these children would have been a lasting one, and only by constant individual teaching were they made ready to receive their First Holy Communion.

Looking back over these two months we realize the privilege that has been ours. The souls to whom we were able to bring some knowledge of God, the example of the missionary priests, the zeal and charity of those truly Catholic families toward their less fortunate brethren, the kindness and hospitality of



Learning to know and love God.

THE PRICE OF CHARITY IS YOURSELF.

the people among whom we worked, the sincerity and earnestness of the children themselves, all contributed toward making these two months the most pleasant in the whole year.

—From Our Manitoba Catechists.

Preserving the Faith in Northern Ontario

The Editor of this magazine resembles one of the world's great heroes—in one respect. She expects every catechist to do her duty. By duty is understood the presentation to her of a written account of the catechetical tour.

When one is not much given to retrospection and when one has reached the mellow age when tours have ceased to be a few weeks of glorious adventure, and have become quite as commonplace as any other branch of the work, one is hard pressed to know just what to describe.

It is taken for granted that on a catechetical tour, we teach catechism. We also visit the people. In the space of six days we make a grand survey of the whole catechism, endeavour to induce the young hopefuls to memorize a few prayers and the other essentials, teach some hymns in preparation for the procession in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, try to inspire in them a love of prayer, teach them how to genuflect and to make the Sign of the Cross, how to get in and out of a seat without trampling one another to death, how to walk circumspectly in a procession, and prepare them for First Communion and Confirmation. We would that they could absorb all this as the vacuum cleaner absorbs dust, but alas and alack, only some of it sinks in. Knowing so well the vagaries of the child mind, we then make a novena to the Holy Spirit, begging that when the Bishop comes to examine them they will not stand, like the Lady of Shalott, as if the curse had come upon them.

Just what value can be placed on these catechetical tours? First of all, they surely receive the blessing of the Master, Who spent so many of His days on earth on the dusty roads of Palestine, and whose informal methods of instruction we try to imitate. Then, children enjoy attending these summer classes. There is a certain amount of novelty in them, and they are a pleasant little break in the summer routine of hay-making. Unless this interested attitude on the part of the children is secured in the beginning, future efforts to induce them to study their



Our Home and our Children—Harstone, Ont.

religion will generally prove futile. Again, the personal contact with the children who will take the catechism lessons by mail forms a bond of interest between the Sister and the pupil which will make the business of lessons a little more interesting to both.

Tours differ. In some districts it is possible to have every modern convenience for instruction, as well as for living. Other districts offer conditions almost as primitive as they were in the time of Adam. Always we endeavour to adapt ourselves to circumstances and for a few of us, the more primitive they are, the more adaptable we are.

This year our field of labour lay in Northern Ontario. We lived in a van designed and built by the zealous missionary priest of the district. As far as personal hardships go—there was none. The van contained everything, from a shower to electric lights. For teaching we had a moving picture camera, blackboards and charts. Nothing was lacking in a material way to make the tour a success. The interest and co-operation of the city parish, to which this district is attached, was evidenced by the presence of many of the parishioners at the Friday evening processions in honour of Our Blessed Mother.

Too much cannot be said of the zeal and foresight of the missionary priest, who spared no efforts to promote the success of the tour. In one district the children were so widely scattered that transportation daily to class was impossible. A truly Christian Catholic family voluntarily offered to accommodate ten children. Other families did their share and the problem was solved.

Among these children was Dolores, eight years old, and preparing for her First Communion. Dolores was most attentive to the instructions given and took especially to heart the necessity of making a short Act of Contrition before going to sleep at night.

On the evening before First Communion Father brought her little brother, six-year-old Mickey, to stay over night . . . to be present at the ceremony. That night, Dolores, feeling strongly her responsibility as elder sister, had Mickey kneel beside her before going to bed and repeat all the prayers she had learned during the week.

The little fellow was quite tractable for a while. He repeated after his sister the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Glory be to the Father." Then came the Act of Contrition, and here Mickey balked.

"I don't want to say any more prayers," he protested.

"Oh, but you must say *this* one," insisted Dolores.

"No, I said 'nuff." Mickey was very determined.



*First Communion Class, Moose Hill, Ont.
(from seven to nineteen years).*

IT IS ONLY THE HUMBLE THAT ARE NEVER JEALOUS.



Procession in honour of Our Lady, Raith, Ont.

"Oh, but Mickey, you don't understand. You see if you say this prayer, God will forgive you all your sins, and your soul will be white, white."

And Mickey, who hadn't the faintest notion of what sin is and didn't know he possessed a soul, was not proof against the earnestness in his sister's voice. He said the Act of Contrition. Surely little Dolores will get the blessing bestowed on those who instruct others to righteousness!

One memorable feature of this tour was the great privilege of Mass and Benediction for the children. Usually in such districts we feel favoured if we have Mass on Sundays. For the first two days Father did not reserve the Blessed Sacrament, in order that the children should be instructed to reverence it properly. It must be remembered that some of these children had never been in a church, had no religious training and never in their lives had so much as raised their hearts to God, for they knew Him not. It was truly touching to see, later in the week, these same children, walk reverently into Church, make their genuflection, say a little ejaculation, and kneel in the pew with an expression on their faces which showed that the Divine Presence really meant something to them.

The total number of children attending our classes was two hundred and four. They varied in age from seven to eighteen and in knowledge of their Faith just as widely. Certain groups of children knew and practised their Faith very well, other groups who lived far in the bush, had never previously attended instruction, were puzzled to know who made them, and why they had come into this world was to them as great a mystery as it was to old Omar Khayam.

The day began with Mass at 8.30 and closed with Benediction at 4.45. On Friday evenings a procession was held in honour of our Blessed Mother. The parents and friends were invited. Many a parent's heart was touched at the sight of their little white-veiled girls and sturdy boys singing the praises of Mary. We trust that our Heavenly Mother will inspire them to keep the Faith burning in these little hearts, by teaching them by precept and example to lead a truly Catholic life.

On Fridays the children brought their supper as well as their lunch, as most of them lived too far away to get back for the evening Procession.

One Friday, as we were returning to the Church after having our own supper, we were startled by sounds of music in the air.

"What can that be?" questioned Father, slowing the car to crawling pace.

The sweet sound of childish voices floated to our listening ears:

"Jesus, Thou art coming,
Holy as Thou art,
Thou the God Who made me
To my loving heart."

We drew up outside the church and shut off the engine. There on the church steps our youngsters were gathered, singing the hymns we had taught them. "Hail, Holy Queen," "Immaculate Mary," "Holy God we praise Thy Name" followed each other. Unaware of an audience the children sang with all their hearts, while we listened silently.

Presently Father spoke in a voice just above a whisper. "Do you know when I listen to that and remember that only a week ago most of those children didn't even know what a hymn meant, I could weep for joy?" We, too, were almost touched to tears, but as there was much practical work to be done in the way of preparing arches and banners for the Procession, we decided it was not the proper time to indulge in sentiment, no matter what the provocation.

The crowning event of each week was First Holy Communion on Saturday morning, when for the first time these little ones received their God. The joyous time passed all too quickly. Mass over—the tabernacle empty—the children left for home, some too far from the Church to attend even the monthly Mass and instruction.

Will the tiny mustard seed of Faith sown in their little hearts bring forth good fruit, or will it be choked by the thorns of bad example, or blown away by the wind of indifference? We cannot tell, but we remember that the Good Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine in the Fold and goes in search of the lost sheep, so we can safely leave these wandering lambs in His care, knowing His love and His grace will continue to seek after them, no matter how far from the Fold their steps may stray.

—From Our Ontario Catechists.

Fishing for Souls on the Atlantic Seaboard

After patiently waiting all morning we were tightly packed into a car, and with suitcases piled around us we started off. It was a crowded car but we were too glad to be really on our way to care. We crossed the harbour to Dartmouth and then after a delightful drive of two hours we arrived at Ship Harbour. We had supper and spent the night with Mrs. M. Next morning we were awakened by a new kind of alarm clock; the cows bawled, the roosters crowed and the Sisters arose ready for what the day might bring.

Sunday morning after Mass Father announced that we would be going to Little Harbour as soon as we were ready. We thought we were ready but the kind ladies told us we would freeze going over there and urged us to put on their boys' coats under our capes, which we did. Soon we were in a row boat heading for a motor boat anchored further out in the harbour. This was our first attempt at climbing from one boat to another and we were not any too steady. Sitting as comfortably as we could on the floor we looked forward to our nine-mile ride to our new mission. Just before we docked our attention was turned to an immense rock in the middle of the water where hundreds of seals were playing around and bobbing up and down. We bumped into the dock and we knew then that

WE LEARN WISDOM FROM FAILURE MUCH MORE THAN FROM SUCCESS.

our voyage was over, but wondered how we'd get ashore. We had to climb up a ladder to the wharf but the steps were too far apart to suit us. However, with a little help we landed, walked a narrow gang-plank and our mission was reached.

In Little Harbour there isn't a store to be found, just houses, trees, rocks, chickens, a few cows and plenty of berry bushes, though most of these had been wiped out by a bush fire two weeks before our arrival. Passing wood piles, fish racks, lobster traps and rocks galore, we arrived at Mrs. K's home where we were to stay till our work was over. The first thing we did after supper was to visit all the homes and ask the parents to send the children up to the school in the morning at 9.30. Darkness was upon us and we still had one family to visit one and a half miles from the village so we decided to call on them before school opened next morning. Monday morning found us up with the birds but not before the children. When we started out an army of little ones was waiting for us. We divided the class after finding out what they knew and didn't know, Sister R. taking the bigger children and leaving the little ones to the mercy of Sister C., who claims to have a few more gray hairs caused by, "Sister, may I write on the board," "Sister, may I have a pencil," etc. Two classes were held in the morning with a fifteen-minute recreation and one class in the afternoon.

The following days were spent very much the same. We had to climb fences in order to get to some of the houses and had more than one scare by snakes. When we had any time on our hands we went down to the shore and sat on a big stone and said our beads. Daily we watched the tide come in. We never tired of that. We would walk out as far as possible and then in an hour's time or so where we had been would be covered with water. We were caught once when we walked out to a big stone to talk things over and before we noticed it the water was slowly coming in. It wouldn't have been much over our ankles but we preferred dry feet so we called to one of the boys and he, laughing, brought out boards for us to walk ashore. The joke was on us and we appreciated it.

Sunday morning all the adults met in the school house. We said some prayers, read the Gospel for the day and then gave a short instruction. Everybody was all attention. After that it was decided to have class for them in the evening when we were through with the children. For the next week you'd see them making their way up to the school, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. Some nights there would be more than others and the men would sit on the floor to make room for the newcomers. It was inspiring to see them. They wouldn't take their eyes off the speaker and all you



A Portion of the Harvest along the Atlantic Coast.

could hear was their deep breathing. The second last evening to our annoyance a collection was taken up. I teased Sister by saying I'd often pay money to have her stop talking and here were people paying money to hear her. We had only one complaint and that was mosquitoes; they surely did enjoy themselves at our expense. The people were all as kind as could be and couldn't do enough to show their appreciation. The men, who were all fishermen, brought in all kinds of fish for us to see, dog-fish, a very dangerous kind of fish that would attack anything; cat-fish, a terror to divers; a 5-foot blue fish, and eels. One evening we rowed over to a wharf just being loaded with the day's catch of cod-fish and watched them prepare them for market. It was most interesting. Many of the women brought us canned fruit and one a loaf of bread, though we were well looked after at Mrs. K's with her delicious home baking; but I suppose each one wanted to do her bit.

Our time was limited and more visits had to be made to each family to see just how they could manage for clothes for First Communion. One family in particular had practically nothing and what we couldn't buy we borrowed. God was good, though. Their pay cheques for fighting the bush fire came through just two days before Sunday and gave many of them a chance to help themselves get ready. The mothers were all busy making dresses or washing up and preparing for Sunday. Even the boys helped themselves, borrowed our shoe-polish and shined their shoes. The boys all had their hair cut for the occasion.

The weather was simply wonderful. It only rained once while we were there and then we were all safe in the school. We stayed in for recess and played with the children, anything and everything to keep them amused. We even attempted to teach them some hymns. I was afraid my voice would crack trying to keep above them—to keep the right tune in the lead. For fun, I sat back and listened to them, the boys in particular. They sang with their whole heart and soul, but it was awful. The girls were better, but you know one bad apple makes the whole barrel bad, and one bad voice spoils a whole choir. When it was time to go home it was still raining so we covered our caps with paper and reached the house safe and dry. In the afternoon it cleared up and we all prayed for a nice dry Sunday.

Although Mass was not until 10 o'clock Sunday morning, everybody was up at six, the little tots as well as the big ones, and fasting too. We had to call around for some of them to make sure they'd come and at 8 o'clock we were all down at the wharf getting into the boats, twenty-three in one and twelve



While the men catch fish the Sisters catch souls.

MEN ARE GENERALLY THE CARPENTERS OF THEIR OWN CROSSES.



This is the way they go to Mass at Little Harbour, N.S.

in the other. After some pictures were taken and a few hand shakes, for we were saying good-bye to Little Harbour, once again we were on our way. The water was as calm as could be and in an hour and a half we were back to Ship Harbour, again climbing up the ladder to land but this time we helped the little ones. Sister C. carried a two months old baby up to church and the rest followed me. Father met

us at the top of the hill and seemed well pleased. Before Mass our little ones had to make their First Confession. We were kept busy then, some cried, others wanted to go in two by two and one little fellow tried to get in with Father. Really, it was amusing. At last confessions were over and at 10.45 Mass began followed by a sermon. We filed out of church at 11.45 and marched right down to the wharf where they all enjoyed a lunch Sister and I had prepared the day before, sandwiches, cake and fudge. It was good to see them enjoying themselves. Imagine the children waiting until 12 o'clock for something to eat. It's a wonder they didn't faint on the way, but I suppose the excitement of making their First Communion kept them up.

Fifteen made their First Communion, ranging from six years to nineteen, a two-months old baby was baptized, and one adult. Thirty-three came over with us to Mass.

Lunch over, they all scrambled back into their boats, more pictures were taken, more good-byes, and with promises to write and to continue going to Mass even at the cost of waiting so long for their breakfast, they left us alone on the wharf waving good-bye and wondering how much good would come of our short visit with them.

—From Our Catechists Down By the Sea.

“The Master Is Come and Calleth for Thee”

As Jesus drew near to Bethany with His disciples a few days after the death of Lazarus, Martha met Him with glad words of welcome. But to Jesus this was not enough. He missed another voice. He longed for the presence of that loving soul of whom He had once said: “Because she loved much, much hath been forgiven her.”

So he asks for Mary. It is ever thus. The Divine Heart of Jesus—that burning furnace of love—is always seeking for souls that love, souls whose love is so great that they can be counted on to climb the noblest heights of self-sacrifice.

In response to the eager enquiry of Jesus, Martha quickly retraces her steps towards Bethany, leaving Jesus and His disciples to follow more slowly, for they are tired after the long journey.

Hurriedly she bursts in upon Mary's quiet pensiveness: “The Master is come and calleth for thee.” It is enough. Mary waits to hear no more, but runs to greet the Lord of her soul—the Master of her heart. The intervening distance is quickly cov-

ered. What swiftness a loving heart lends to eager feet! Soon she is close to Jesus. The Apostles must make way for her, woman though she is, and once in the loved Presence she has no other desire.

“The Master is come and calleth for thee.” As we ponder these words of Holy Scripture our hearts are moved. We find ourselves making our own the words of the little girl who, when she heard this story, said: “Oh, how I wish Jesus would come down our road and call for me!”

But Jesus does come down many roads to approach the Bethany of hearts. He sends His message: “The Master is come and calleth for thee.” Those words which brought such joy to Mary are still heard in many hearts — calling chosen souls to consecrate themselves forever to the service of the Master in religious life. The large number of devoted priests, brothers and sisters labouring in the interests of Christ prove there are still Marys who hear His call and go to meet Him.

Yet when we reflect on how great a number of souls, even

in our own Canada, remain in darkness because there is no one to bring them to the light of Faith, what is one to think? Must there not be some souls who hear the call of the Master of the Vineyard and yet turn away sad because, like the rich young man, their love for things earthly is greater than their love for Christ.

Every soul on its journey through life comes some day to the parting of the ways. A point is reached whence various roads diverge, and a choice must be made. On one of these roads the Master waits and calls for each one of us. A “Martha” brings the invitation, and “she” may come in various guises. It may be a Retreat, the reading of a good book, the influence of a friend. What matters the medium, so long as we discover the road on which the Master waits! If that road leads to the mission fields of Canada, are we ready? Shall we run, like Mary, on love-winged feet to meet Him, or shall we go down another road and leave Him waiting—foreing Him in the end to give to others the work He had chosen for us? S.O.S.

THOSE WHO LOVE THE POOR IN LIFE SHALL HAVE NO FEAR OF DEATH.



Attention, Young People!

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

Dear Young People:

This summer I was on a catechetical tour — teaching children who have little opportunity for receiving religious instruction. In some places we met big boys and girls of fourteen and fifteen years, who had never made their First Communion and did not know how to make the Sign of the Cross. Some of these children, although baptized Catholics, had never even heard of God.

While I was teaching these dear little ones I thought often of my Young Missionaries and wondered how they could help to keep alive in the hearts of these poor children the flame of loving faith we Sisters tried to light during our short contact. We came in touch with over 200 children in the space of five weeks, so necessarily our time with each group was very limited.

And now I have thought of a way in which you can help. If each Y.M.C.K. adopted one of these children and wrote to her and prayed for her I am sure a great deal of good would be done. You might send holy pictures, scrap books, and medals to the child you adopted and try in every way possible to keep her interested in our Holy Faith.

Write to me for the name and address of one of these children. And, remember, the most important thing is that you pray for the child you adopt. It is a great opportunity and a great privilege to help in this missionary work, and I am sure Christ our King will bless any Young Missionary who tries to help one of these precious little souls to know Him better and love Him more.

Who knows? Some day some of you may be teaching catechism on the missions if God should honour you by calling you to work for Him in this particular way. Already we have a few Sisters of Service who were once Y.M.C.K. and there is room for many more. Those of you who are old enough to be thinking of your life's vocation should pray hard to know in just what sphere our great Captain wants you to work for Him and for souls.

The Captain, Y.M.C.K.

HE THAT FEARS MANKIND SHALL NEVER WORK FOR GOD.

Y.M.C.K. MAIL BAG.

Kathleen Kelly, Treasurer of the Y.M.C.K. Club, writes: "I can assure you, Captain, that each member has done her share to make the Quebec Club a grand success. During the summer months we will not hold the regular meetings, as many of the members are away on vacation, but I know they are all boiling over with enthusiasm for the start-up of the Club in the Fall. We are thinking of asking each member to solicit a new member and in this way we will be helping the progress of the Club, as well as promoting devotion to Christ the King." The time is almost here for that boiling enthusiasm to be put to good use, and we are sure that the new session of the Quebec Club will be productive of practical assistance to the missions.

Margaret Deakin tells us that her mother has been very ill in hospital, but is now recovering. We ask the prayers of all Young Missionaries that Mrs. Deakin may continue to improve rapidly. Margaret also says she kept house for three weeks and no one seemed to suffer from it. Which reminds us that some time ago we heard a very holy priest say that the most important person in a house is the cook. So Margaret is growing in importance!

Lilian Sunderland says she has been spending her vacation with a friend in the country. She has been doing much swimming and ball playing. Both very enviable vacation occupations, we all agree.

Joan Conway, a new member, writes: "I am very much pleased to become a member of your organization and hope to work for it to the best of my ability." Welcome to our ranks, Joan. We are sure your hopes of doing something for the missions will be realized.

* * *

THREE CHEERS FOR QUEBEC!

The following letter was received from Margaret Deakin, President of the Quebec Y.M.C.K. Club:

Dear Captain:—Enclosed find a money order for Twenty Dollars, Twelve Dollars the returns of our bazaar in aid of the missions, and Eight Dollars club funds. The Y.M.C.K. who helped with the bazaar are Jeanette Molloy, Joan Conway, Lilian Sunderland, Kathleen Kelly, Mary Agnes and myself.

A parcel of clothing will be forwarded later.

It is really hard to find words to express our

heartfelt appreciation of this generous contribution from our Young Missionaries of Quebec. We fully realize what whole-hearted and unselfish efforts must have been necessary to produce such a magnificent result—and we are indeed grateful. May Christ the King, for Whose sake you made the sacrifices, reward you in His own way—which is always the best way.

* * *

A FIRST COMMUNION DAY SIXPENCE COMES BACK.

A beautiful story comes from the Amatoli Mountains near the Izeli Mission, South Africa, where Sebastian Nkewu, once a magnificent specimen of a Kaffir, but whom tuberculosis crushed down, has just died.

During the Lent of 1913 twenty happy boys prepared at the Izeli Mission for First Communion. Best in the class were Sebastian Nkewu and Max Fandaba. On Holy Saturday as Max left the poor Kaffir hut of his widowed mother, a puff-adder sprang up near a prickly-pear bush and bit his leg. The unfortunate boy ran back and threw himself moaning in his mother's arms. All remedies failed; next morning the class received First Communion but the dying Max had to await the priest who brought him his Lord in Viaticum. "Inkosi Yezulu!" said Max, "I want only Jesus!" and that Easter day he passed on.

His friend Sebastian was desolate. All at the Nkewu home were proud and joyful; parents beamed and Brother John gave Sebastian a bright new sixpence. Sebastian thought of the catastrophe in the hut of his companion and in the evening slipped away to widow Fandaba. There lay her dead son while she wept softly. "Take this sixpence for the love of my dear friend Max, who went to Heaven this Easter," said Sebastian simply and he gave her the coin he had received as a gift.

Sixteen years passed. Sebastian Nkewu left his peaceful village, became a laborer in the gold mines of Johannesburg, had many experiences but suffice it to say that he became thoroughly dissolute, and when his unbridled life broke his health he took consumption and the mining company placed him in the hospital. Worse than the wrecked body was the ruined soul; a priest tried to see him but he scowled and said he wanted no nonsense about God.

But widow Fandaba heard of her dead boy's friend and she journeyed to his bedside. She sat by his head, she spoke tenderly of that First Communion day long ago; then she took out the shiny sixpence she had cherished all the years and she said, "By the love you bore my dear boy, come back to God." It was too much for Sebastian. His hardened heart softened and he mingled his tears of sorrow with the tears of joy of the old widow. "Call the priest," he said

and he reconciled himself with the Lord he had forgotten.

His aged father came and carried him back to his native kraal in the Amatoli Mountains and there a priest from the Izeli Mission brought him Communion regularly until his death a few days later. Thus God rewarded the Kaffir boy who gave his friend's mother his First Communion Day sixpence.

* * *

OUR BIG FEAST.

The last Sunday in October is *the* Feast Day for Young Missionaries. It is the special Feast of Christ the King, their great Leader and Captain.

Every Y.M.C.K. should go to Mass and Communion on that day in honour of Christ the King, and when possible they should go in a body and wear their badges.

* * *

HABITS GROW.

"Come here, sonny," said Uncle John. "I want to show you something."

He gave the boy a bottle in which there was a cucumber so large that it was impossible to remove it through the neck of the bottle.

"How did the cucumber get in the bottle?" asked the boy.

"I just slipped the bottle over the tiny cucumber on the vine and let it grow inside of the bottle, till now I cannot get it out."

"Do you know," continued the uncle, "I never see men who are slaves of bad habits but I am reminded of the cucumber in the bottle. I think most likely they grew in bad habits when they were young and now they cannot slip out of them. They are like the cucumber, don't you see?"—Canadian Lassie.



A Little Alberta First Communicant.

MANY A FALSE STEP HAS BEEN TAKEN BY STANDING STILL.

The Mission Field of Canada is Your Responsibility



THE missionary endeavour of the Sisters of Service is totally dependent on the good will and generosity of the Catholic people throughout Canada. This good will and generosity have surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

The kind Hand of Providence has been most evident in the establishment and extension of our apostolic undertaking. Several substantial bequests have enabled us to weather the storm of the recent depression. Yet it is "the little from the many" that has given us the means to carry on. For it is an axiom in the Church that "the great works of God are built and rest on the 'little sacrifices of many.'"

In appealing to the Catholic public our conviction has always been that the preservation and extension of our beloved Faith in the Mission Field of our country is the common responsibility of all Catholic Canadians. This responsibility every Catholic Canadian should face. To try to escape it is unfair to God, to His Church, and to one's self.

The Institute of the Sisters of Service has been founded for the Home Mission Field of Canada. The Sisters labour on the very fringe of Canada's vast hinterland where the Faith of our people is in great danger. They give their very life for the salvation of the most abandoned souls. Their work is one of self-sacrifice and mostly without remuneration of any kind.

Is it not but fair that they should look to the Catholic people of Canada for generous and loyal support? This support has come and will, we are confident, continue to come. Our people love Mother Church and wish to see her Kingdom grow within the boundaries of our Dominion.

This appeal is to ask you to plough back some of your life's earnings into the Home Mission Field of Canada. Life, after all, is but worth the spiritual harvest one sows in the furrows he ploughs day by day. Help God in the extension of His Kingdom on earth and He will help you. There is no better nor safer investment.

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



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Headquarters—2 Wellesley Place, Toronto
Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

MISSIONS

Halifax, N.S.	Port Work
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Ottawa, Ont.	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.	Settlement House
Winnipeg, Man.	Hostel

Camp Morton, Man.	2 Schools
Edmonton, Alta.	Catechetical Centre
Edmonton, Alta.	Hostel
Vilna, Alta.	Hospital
Edson, Alta.	Hospital
St. Brides, Alta.	School
Vancouver, B.C.	Hostel

Correspondence is Invited



